

# The TATLER

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London, August 5, 1931

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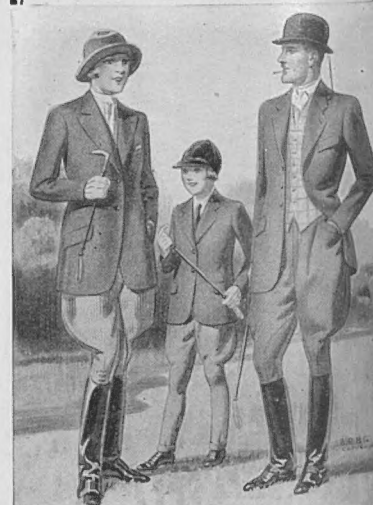
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# The TATTLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1571.

London, August 5, 1931

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Price One Shilling



*William Davis*

## MISS EVELYN LAYE AS "MADAME POMPADOUR"

Last week one of England's most charming and versatile young actresses opened in a revival of "Madame Pompadour" at the Streatham Hill Theatre with a cast including many of the original Daly's Theatre players, such as Huntley Wright, Bertram Wallis, Donald Mather, Betty Huntley Wright, Robert Algar, Fred Pedgrist, and Leonard Russell. From Monday, August 3, this company is playing for one week at the Golders Green Hippodrome before beginning an extensive provincial tour and perhaps afterwards bringing the play to London. After this Miss Evelyn Laye goes into a new operette by Mr. A. P. Herbert, which is not yet finished



# The Letters of Eve



NORTH BERWICK GETS BUSY!

Lord and Lady Northesk, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, an ex-amateur golf champion, and Mr. J. B. Ford, who is in the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards. This was an opening foursome of the season over the famous links. Lady Northesk was formerly Miss Elizabeth Vlasto



MISS ZARA DEUCHAR—ALSO AT NORTH BERWICK

But not at this moment in golfing rig, but off to the beach for a dip. Miss Deuchar is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Deuchar

"BREAKING up," that is our condition, plight, state, or what not at the moment, my friend. Not serious or physical, this process is one which the London season has in common with schools, but with what a difference! Whereas we are jaded, worn, and a little on edge, those released from learning are ready for anything. Witness Etonians decanted just in time for Goodwood. What poise! What aplomb! There seemed to be quantities of these young men about, and their tremendous interest in the proceedings was delightful to watch. They always seem to make money too, which was annoying to the many extra "poor lads" of greater experience when Xandover and Zanoft failed in the Stewards' Cup.

It's no good going on about the weather, which, as I write, has definitely relinquished attempts at summer. Anyhow, I think Englishwomen look best in "ready for anything" clothes, and these were certainly the most suitable for the beginning of the meeting.

The Duchess of Richmond is definitely "At Home" for Goodwood, and her list of guests was, of course, headed by Princess Mary and Lord Harewood; Lady Amy Coats, and Lady Doris Vyner with her husband complete came in support of the family party. Mrs. Fether, alias Fetherstonhaugh, is quite indispensable to any race meeting, and a law unto herself in the matter of clothes.

Lord and Lady Cowdray's party naturally inclines towards polo enthusiasts, as this game is runner-up for the sporting interest of the week. Alas!



AT THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS TOURNAMENT

Miss G. V. Style and the Princess de Chimay, who were drawn against one another in the Royal Tunbridge Wells Lawn Tennis Tournament. The Princess de Chimay survived the first round but was put out in the second by Miss O. B. Manser

their prospects of playing regularly continue to be damped; although the idea of a pleasant evening watching polo after racing is enchanting, in practice it's not such fun in a gale of wind. Anyhow, Lord Barnby, Colonel Lockett, and Major Jack Harrison were "on the spot," the latter with wife and daughter Elizabeth.

Tweeds, crêpe de chine, fur coats, straw hats—there was a good mixture in the members' enclosure. I'd like to tell you about a few who hadn't guessed right; but, being of a charitable nature, will concentrate on those who hadn't tried to be funny or too original in their clothes.

Lady Blandford looked ripping in black; of course, she had a sister, Lady de Trafford, with her much of the time. I never knew such a family for hanging together. Silver foxes are the best garnishing I know; Mrs. Arthur James had one and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan another. She was very busy doing hostess to her father's party at Lavington.

Miss Betty Manners, in blue, was inundated with congratulations on her engagement to Captain John Lascelles,



though no one pretended to be surprised. Nor were they seriously taken in by her suddenly taking to commerce not long ago. Of course, a Belvoirite of note, she has the most lovely skin and fair hair, and Captain Lascelles, tall and thin, has a particularly lively sense of fun.

Lady Haddington was in Harrow blue and extra good looks, and Lady Louis Mountbatten seemed to be all ready for Cowes in her little white sailor hat.

\* \* \*

Quite right, too, for the Isle of Wight has had the limelight turned on it extra early, owing to the King and Queen having gone there before their usual date. As a result I hear that the Solent has been brim full of racing boats, and everyone agog for some time.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club did a lot to sharpen things up early on; chief of the French visitors is Madame Heriot, who actually had a French cruiser as guard of honour. She (Madame Heriot) and they (the lady and the cruiser) have been given a great welcome in the island. After the orthodox yachting week there will be the match between her schooner and that belonging to Miss Carstairs, who has only just taken to this quieter system of seafaring as a change from her speed-boats.

\* \*



MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN AND MR. ROY SAMBOURNE AND "QUEENIE"

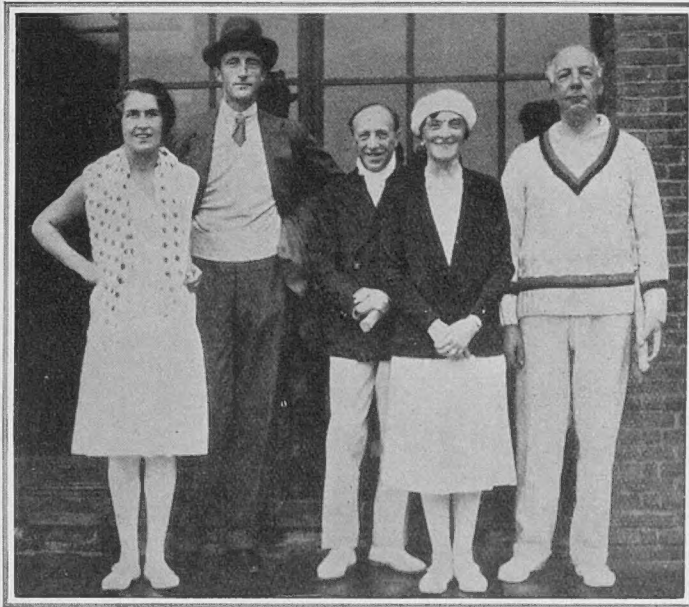
A very excellent snapshot in one of our rare sunny intervals at Mongewell Park, Wallingford. Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn is better known to the world as Edna May, and Mr. Sambourne is a son of the famous black-and-white artist, the late Lindley Sambourne

farther inland, is everything that is most important to the island.

The air is considered as well as the water, for Colonel Moore-Brabazon, first of all Englishmen to fly, has a house at Bembridge, and Mr. Rupert Bellville lands quite casually in a field when he wants to pay his father a visit.

Lord and Lady Camoys have succumbed to the charm of this place and have taken a house on the cliffs. It is a young people's paradise, from the age of two upwards.

Those on the verge of making their début can feel their feet at the garland dances. Sir Eric and Lady Bonham's daughter, Elizabeth, is one of these. On reading the last sentences over they sound rather ambiguous, but you know what I mean!



AT YATTENDON COURT: LADY SIMMONS, LORD CHARLES HOPE, SIR PERCY SIMMONS, AND SIR EDWARD AND LADY ILIFFE

At Yattendon, Sir Edward Iliffe's charming house near Newbury, there is a covered tennis court, and so the recent house party were independent of our spotty weather. Sir Edward Iliffe is a great pillar in the paper world, and Sir Percy Simmons married Miss Barbara Hawke in January

I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, after spending several weeks in Sutherlandshire (where the Duchess fished with enthusiasm, wearing grey flannels for the purpose), planned to spend August Bank Holiday at Eaton. After this they are to cruise along the Portuguese coast in *Cutty Sark*.

They will have several friends on board, including the Sacheverell Sitwells and Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

The Churchills are allotting a certain amount of time to Biarritz first. You know their son Randolph, whose lively brain has urged him towards journalism, is now Berlin correspondent for a Sunday newspaper.

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey was in Sutherlandshire too, with her boys, Patrick and Christopher. Now she and her husband have gone to Monte Carlo where Lord and Lady Abingdon are already in residence, having taken Sir James Dunn's lovely villa Lou Mas, at Cap Ferrat, for the summer. Lady Phyllis Allen and her husband will be found at the Château de Madrid, at Eze, and lots of guests are coming to stay with them.

\* \* \*

Lady Seafield and Mr. Studley Herbert have a minute habitation on the edge of the sea at Cap Ferrat, but the party spirit is very prevalent there for friends drop in at all hours.

Further Continental news predicts the arrival of Mlle. "Koko" Chanel at Roquebrune, and many lucky people have been invited to her mountain residence, which is quite one of the most fascinating abodes on the Riviera.

Somerset Maugham likes the Côte d'Azur so much that he stays there all the year round, but Sir James and Lady Dunn,

(Continued overleaf)

b 2



MR. THOMAS AND LADY LUCY INNES AND THEIR SECOND SON

A picture taken at the recent christening at the North Church, Torphins, Aberdeenshire, where Mr. Thomas Innes' house, "Learney," is. Lady Lucy Innes is the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Caithness. The baby was given the names Berouald Fortescue



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

who incidentally have a brace of villas in the south of France, are off this week to have a look at their Canadian estates, taking their

very small daughter, Anne, with them.

Sophie Tucker is a new arrival at Antibes, so is Major Jack Coats, full of good intentions about gambling. Lord Queensberry and Lord and Lady Portarlington will probably be at Cannes by the time this reaches you, and Miss Maxine Elliott's wonderful villa there, which has its own harbour and a super-swimming pool, will soon be ready for entertaining.

\* \*

Corsica is a serious rival to the French Riviera, at any rate according to my "brother in pens."

On the depressingly damp second day at Goodwood, when if Mr. Mantalini had been there he would have reinforced his much-quoted pronouncement. H.R.H. Princess Mary and Lord Harewood were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond for the week. The Hon. Alexander Ramsay was appointed Commodore of the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, in 1929

Mr. Patrick Balfour. He claims to have found an ideal spot, where a friendly stream offers bathing and fishing facilities alternatively. More sophisticated amusements are possible in a surprisingly luxurious night-club tucked away in a slum. However, perhaps we shall hear more about this later, for Mr. Balfour has written some short stories about Corsica in between finishing his novel. This may be ready for publication soon, and then there'll be some fun for some people recognizing themselves.

Miss Nancy Mitford is another scribe abroad in search of copy. Her "Highland Fling" was deservedly successful, and now she has gone to the south of France for further ideas. As the programme there is usually lunch and tea and dinner and supper and breakfast with various people, she ought not to come empty away.

\* \* \*

One of the last of London weddings was Miss Susan Ferguson's to Mr. Barton Wignall—the sun obligingly shone, lighting up the lovely stained glass windows of St. Margaret's.

"Nannies" are becoming an indispensable feature of wedding processions, so small are some of the starters; it makes it rather a nervous business, and I think the minimum age for pages ought to be raised. The bridegroom's nephew behaved perfectly, but his companion evidently thought the avenue of Lifeguardsmen too much of a good thing. Lots of newly-marrieds came to this wedding—the Dod Franklands and Captain and Mrs. Mike Wardell among them. She, you know, is sister to Delia Crossley, who did so well flying for the King's Cup.

Lady Alexander made as much of a hit as anyone in the latest version of "bowler," completely submerged under feathers in which was embedded a diamond brooch of vast proportions. Mr. Ivor Ferguson, the bride's uncle, created further stir by arriving in a brougham with a pair of prancing horses. Most old-world, my dear.



AT GOODWOOD: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD AND COMMODORE THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY

The last dance of the season has been given, and soon London will be the most crowded city in the world, for in August and September every provincial town pours its swarms of pleasure-seekers into the metropolis while society picks up its skirts and retires into aristocratic retreat. The last dance, Lady Onslow's, was a worthy finish to a fairly good season. The Onslow seat, Clandon, is a lovely house and quite perfect for entertaining. Lord Cranley, a most exuberant young man, for whom the party was given, rushed from one lovely guest to the other. Lady Plunket, in a shimmering golden sequin dress, sat in the bar; this is no reflection, as there was nothing alcoholic to be had. Lady Veronica Blackwood, now the proud aunt of an enormous niece—the niece is only just born, though almost as large already as its mother, Lady Dufferin—sat at supper; while Princess Catherine of Greece danced untiringly all the evening.

\* \* \*

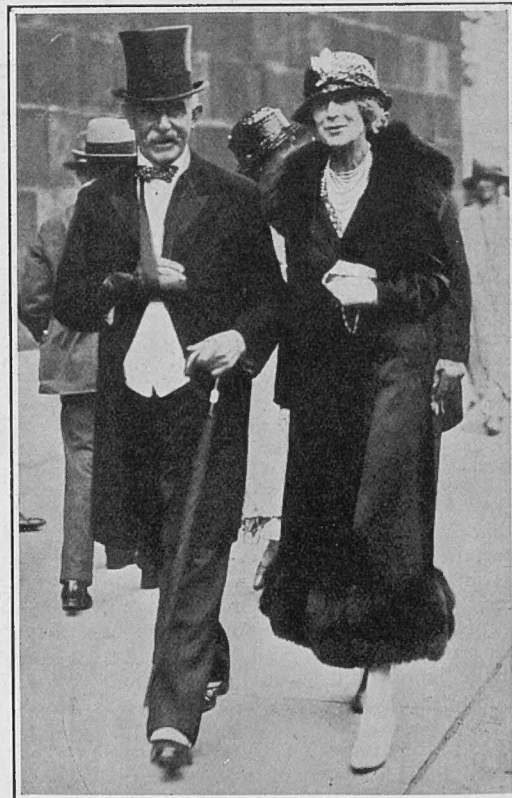
Though London is already very empty of our friends, I noticed the Ritz brigade in its usual place. All the Pouletts, who are as like as three peas, and Miss Whigham were there, and everyone was pretending that they really couldn't be bothered to go to Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne's wedding at Hever. This wedding, though in the country, was extraordinarily crowded. They have, of course, a good many neighbours, who were there in force, and even more relations, Mintos, Astors, Lansdownes, who all turned out. Then of the bride's girl and boy friends, Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine motored down with Lord Hinchinbrooke, Lady Joan Villiers with her mother, Lady Cynthia Slessor, and I think I saw Lady Honor Guinness. The bride really looked more radiant than even brides are supposed to look, and the whole affair was a terrific success.

But to return to rapidly emptying London, I saw that lovely Miss "Pat" Richards walking down Piccadilly; she, I think, ought really to have been acclaimed the loveliest "bud" of the year, but perhaps we prefer to stick to home-grown produce, as Miss Richards comes from Australia. And just behind, none other than the wonderful Mrs. Elinor Glyn, with jaunty bowler cocked over her nose; she has every chance of being a great-great-aunt quite soon—Lord Tiverton, her great-nephew, having married Miss Ismay Crichton Stuart a few months ago

—and yet she looks chic, slim, and beautiful. I wish I knew how she did it.—Love, EVE.

## A Correction.

In our issue of July 22, under a page of pictures of Viscount Loftus and his wife, we stated that his father, the Marquis of Ely, was High Sheriff of Co. Fermanagh and Vice-President of the Magicians Club, London. We regret to state that this is incorrect and the description in question should have applied to Lord Loftus himself, and not to his father.



IN LONDON: LORD ALBEMARLE AND LADY STRADBROKE

One of the end of the season and before the grouse snapshots. Lord Albemarle's son and heir, Lord Bury, was married in February to Miss Diana Grove. Lady Stradbroke is a daughter of the late Lieut.-General James Keith Fraser and is a sister of the present Sir Keith Fraser, who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his uncle, the late Sir William Fraser



# THEIR MAJESTIES AT COWES



SIR JOHN NICHOLSON IN COWES TOWN



THEIR MAJESTIES ON BOARD "BRITANNIA"  
(back to camera) SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE



GENERAL JACK SEELY AND HIS SON DAVID



LORD RUTHVEN AND MRS. LOWRY-CORRY



SIR WILLIAM PORTAL, CAPTAIN NICHOLSON AND MISS JOAN TURNER



MR. WILLIE JAMESON AND THE MARQUESS OF AILSA

The excellent picture of Their Majesties was taken last week, when they made their first visit to "Britannia" after her alteration to her present Bermudian rig, which to some people, purely from the artistic view, is not popular. His Majesty was away in his yacht till 4.30 in the afternoon, and the cruise was not altogether satisfactory, as heavy rain came down and the big mainsail had to be lowered and stowed sopping wet, and the yacht was under head-sails only for the rest of the cruise. Sir Philip Hunloke, "Britannia's" famous racing helmsman, has his back turned to the camera in the picture, and others who were aboard the yacht were the Marquise D'Hautpoul, Admiral Sir Stanley Colville, Sir Derek Keppel, and Admiral Sir Henry Campbell. Cowes and the Roads have rarely been fuller, and entries are excellent, all the ten cracks amongst the big boats being entered for the King's Cup, which has now been thrown open to British yachts of or exceeding 60 ft. water-line measurement, and is no longer restricted to members of The Squadron. Of other Cowes personalities in these pictures General Jack Seely is one of the most familiar and has rarely missed a Royal regatta. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire. The Marquess of Ailsa is a well-known member of the R.Y.S., and so is Sir William Portal, who is the owner of "Valdera"



# The Cinema : "Sea Drift" in Leicester Square

By JAMES AGATE

EVERY film-goer must know the curious sensation of coming into a cinema out of the sunny street. They will not have had this experience this summer, but they will doubtless remember it from other years. Personally I always find myself dazed for the first ten minutes or so not only in the matter of the eyes but of the mind also. I arrived at the Empire just as the curtains were drawing aside for *Shipmates*. Now, according to the "Empire Theatre News," cinema-goers should have difficulty in realizing that Robert Montgomery is not a genuine sailor. "Montgomery fits snugly in his sailor blues, and looks and talks just like an honest-to-goodness Navy man. So perfectly does he blend into the battleship background, in fact, that it is difficult to realize that, after all, he is a motion-picture star playing a rôle, and not a real bluejacket caught by a wavy camera that follows him about. Strictly speaking, the story is a comedy-drama, but where one leaves off and the other begins you have no idea. Its pace is so swift and furious you are thrilled beyond all anticipation, and the rapid-fire situations pile up so quickly that the end comes as a smashing climax." As usual this description is completely inaccurate in every particular. If American sailors in any way resemble the boys of the lower-deck in this country—which, of course, they must—then I do not believe that any one of them could be found to bear any kind of resemblance to Mr. Montgomery. Jonesy, as this particular sailor is called, falls in love with his Admiral's daughter, pretends to be the son of a wealthy Oil King and, putting on what is known as immaculate evening dress, attends a party at the Admiral's without arousing any kind of suspicion that he is not what he pretends to be. I have not visited America, and all things may be possible in a country which one has not visited. On the other hand, I cannot believe that there are many ratings in this country who could make successful and undetected gate-crashers at the house of an English Admiral. After all, the proper business of sailors is to mind the Navy and not to dress themselves up as lady-killers, and to suggest that they can or ought to be able to do this is the kind of compliment they would least desire. I shall therefore say that I have never seen anybody who looks less like a sailor than Mr. Montgomery or more like a film star. And a very good film star, too! Nor is it true to say that in this picture one does not know where the comedy ends and the drama begins. I knew quite perfectly. Nor is its pace so swift and furious that one was thrilled beyond anticipation. I thought, on the contrary, that the picture moved with an agreeable and altogether welcome slowness, that it prepared one very carefully for the impending thrill, and that the thrill succeeded just because it was so carefully led up to.

After the ball at the Admiral's was over, or rather in the middle of it, Jonesy took Kit to a convenient part of the coast, where the pair, professing to admire the Atlantic, immediately sat themselves down with their backs to it. I thought that this was good comedy. Presently it came on to rain, and on their way back to the admiral's house the pair got wringing wet, for he had not his overcoat nor she her opera cloak. They had only to enter the Admiral's drawing-room when, lo and behold, both of them become bone dry! Which again I took to be admirable comedy. Then the Admiral, discovering that Jonesy was only a sailor from his own flagship, extracted a promise from Kit that she would not speak to him again till he had made good. The ship then went on some manoeuvres, and Jonesy got across with one Scotty, whom I took to be the bosun's mate, and who was certainly played by Mr. Ernest Torrence. There were some

magnificent scenes of bullying in which Mr. Torrence blacked both of Mr. Montgomery's eyes, after which, with characteristic film magnanimity he arranged for the lad to qualify as an officer. It then turned out that this was the Admiral's last voyage, and the scene in which the Admiral hauled down his flag and welcomed his successor was, I thought, extremely well done and quietly moving. It was at this point that the drama began, for Mr. Montgomery, now a very junior Lieutenant, proceeded to black the eye of a superior officer who was paying attentions to Kit. He was, in fact, about to desert. But at that moment an oil-tank in the harbour exploded and threatened the safety of an ammunition vessel containing enough high explosive to destroy the entire city. At the moment of the explosion Jonesy and the Admiral happened to be chatting by the water's edge, so they took off their coats and dived in, reaching the ammunition vessel some time before the long boat, or whatever it is called, was despatched from the nearest warship. They succeeded in sinking the ammunition vessel, but the Admiral lost his life. Jonesy, though badly scorched, recovered, and presumably led Kit to the altar. Now I am going to say of this naïve film that it pleased me very much. Mr. Montgomery is a brilliant young actor of great charm of whom in the future we shall see plenty. Mr. Torrence gives an excellent performance, and as the Admiral Mr. Hobart Bosworth is entirely convincing. Nor did I at any moment have the usual desire which always afflicts me with these naval heroines, that is to lead them to poop or fo'c'sle—the taffrail will do—and firmly push them overboard. How Miss Dorothy Jordan became cast for the part of Kit I have no notion, for there is nothing of the nitwit about her. To conclude my review of a really charming little picture, let me say that its principal charm is that it does not appear to have cost a lot of money.

At the conclusion of this picture I went over to the Leicester Square Theatre and found Miss Helen Twelvetrees in *A Woman of Experience* as an international spy with a bullet lodged so near her heart that she could live only six months. In the course of her international spying she had wormed secrets out of young naval officers round about breakfast-time. Which, said the mother of one of them, who was by way of being a countess, was a naughty career prohibiting one who followed it from becoming wife and presumably mother. Miss Twelvetrees thereupon exhibited a certificate from the Emperor of



MR. GORDON HARKER, NOW IN "THE CALENDAR"

Mr. Gordon Harker plays the same part in the film version of Mr. Edgar Wallace's play, "The Calendar," as he did in the stage production—that of the butler, an ex-crook, who pulls the hero out of the very considerable mess he has got into with the vamp. The film is not to be released till February, 1932

Austria to the effect that she had only six months to live and the chances of her becoming a mother in that time were remote. Couldn't the countess see her way to let her just be wife? The countess could, or one presumes so, since the last shot of the film showed Miss Twelvetrees and her young man Lohengrinning it up the aisle. This succulent nonsense concluded, I spent a very good hour watching the Gaumont film, *Down River*. Apart from the fact that I do not believe in young women careering about the Thames in speed-boats at midnight and forcing their way into the cabins of dope-dealing skippers with a pretty taste in murder—apart from Miss Jane Baxter's frantically bright young woman, I found this film wildly exciting. But should there not be something in the way of programme, since it is annoying to recognize half the characters on the London stage and not to be able to put the right names to them? Was it Mr. Harold Huth who was knifed, plugged, and thrown over banisters? Or was it he who did those things to some other actor equally good? Mr. Frederick Leister I recognized, too, and Mr. Norman Shelley. And if the dope-dealing skipper was not Mr. Charles Laughton at the very top of his form I can only conclude that it must have been Miss Elizabeth Pollock!



## GOODWOOD—PARTLY GLORIOUS!

SIR HARRY AND LADY  
JOAN VERNEYLADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, LADY DALKEITH,  
AND PRINCE GEORGELADY MAY CAMBRIDGE AND  
LORD HERBERTSIR ANTHONY WELDON, LADY HADDINGTON,  
AND LORD BORODALELADY DIANA COOPER AND  
CAPTAIN DUFF-COOPERLORD LOVAT, THE HON. MAGDALEN FRASER,  
AND THE HON. SIMON FRASER

Stewards Cup Day at the "picnic" meeting of the year was not quite as "glorious" as all that, and there was no definite heat wave, the kind of thing we believe to be our right about the time that Goodwood and Cowes arrive. The good racing, however, made up for a whole lot. Everyone who backed him, of course, was glad to see Poor Lad win the big sprint, but the hero of the race was the big French grey, Xandover, who made such a good offer with 9.10. There was very little betting as a matter of fact. Another good item on the programme was Cockpen, who won his race, and may be very much in everyone's mouth next year when the Derby is on the tapis. The "audience," as will be observed, was as distinguished as ever, and royalty was represented by H.R.H. Prince George and Lady Mary Cambridge, whilst H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood and the Earl of Harewood were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond at Goodwood House. The Royal Household was well represented by Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, and fox-hunting by the wife of the Joint Master of the Buccleuch, Lady Dalkeith, who is a kinswoman of Lord Harewood. Lady Haddington also comes from the Buccleuch country, though she and her husband were hunting in the Midlands principally last season. Lord Lovat is with his son and daughter, and Lord Borodale is Lord Beatty's son and heir





Poole, Dublin

**AT THE CURRAGH: LADY MOIRA FORBES**  
At the recent meeting at Irish racing G.H.Q., where Lady Moira Forbes, who is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Granard, is seen having a bit on with Dick Duggan, Ireland's most prominent bookmaker, and the leading spirit behind one of the country's biggest and best-known sporting enterprises

after being well backed, and it was a pleasant turn in the luck for Eric Stedall, who has kept knocking at the door without quite getting there. The rain was pretty bad during this race but nothing compared to what it became afterwards, and one could not but admire the courtesy and gallantry of the young gentleman who, as usual, coatless and soaked to the skin, was endeavouring to make life easier for a lady who *would* stand under the drip from the roof. Sunday was worse than Saturday, and it made one's heart bleed for the territorial soldiers under canvas in the rain, and for the hostesses whose Goodwood parties had arrived over the week-end. By Monday evening it seemed to have more or less rained itself out, and barring a few showers the Tuesday of the meeting was fine.

There cannot be any nicer place to race than Goodwood when it is fine. There is a smattering of the class of Ascot about it without the inconvenience of crowds, tall hats, and tail coats. The women too have a chance to look at their very best, and perhaps looking back through the mist of time, when some new enormity in head-gear has been evolved, we shall think how well they looked in their bowlers this time. One never thought that the "poilu's" tin hat was a very taking affair, or enhanced his looks in any way, but it seems to have a great vogue in some white stuff, while the feathers worn draped round others would make a "Jock Scott" look about ten cents.

Despite the financial depression, about which everyone seems to talk without taking much serious notice, the attendance was pretty well up to the average, and the usual house parties and hotel parties as strong as ever. Angmering sheltered a large contingent, and the galaxy of loveliness from Littlehampton was quite bewildering. Cowdray was full for the polo, but not many of the players are great racing enthusiasts, with the exception of Major Horace Colmore, who has done so well with his small string this year, and whose wife has made a name for herself painting portraits of race-horses. It would hardly seem possible that only 500 ladies' vouchers are given for the members' enclosure, but so it is, and the man who has a spare one and a club lunch tent may earn a spurious popularity for ninety-six hours which may unbinge him for the rest of the year.

These lunch tents are an admirable way not only of entertaining one's friends and repaying hospitality, but also of showing some small return for the invitation to a dodged dud dance or an avoided snide week-end. It can only have been for some such reason that the lady in fine dimensions had been given a card for the tent of a club without whose luncheons no point-to-point, sheepdog trial, episcopal investiture, to say nothing of Goodwood and Lords, would be complete. As she seated

## RACING RAGOUT: "GUARDRAIL" By

St. Swithin has a lot to answer for, and since his day there have not been many fine intervals. The Saturday at Hurst Park was quite one of the most poisonous day's racing on record with the exception of the results which went against the books. The Henry VIII Stakes was won by Major Blundell's The Divot, a very nice gelding with lots of scope by Bulger. He ran away with his race

herself on the better part of three chairs a waiter, who will one day make his name as a *maitre d'hotel*, hastily emptied three portions of lobster on to one plate and presented it to the massive dowager. "Goo on! I never!" ejaculated she, and withdrawing the succulent contents of each claw between the finger and thumb she handed herself the morsel much in the manner of a veterinary surgeon administering a Cupis ball. It was only the simulated shortage of crustaceans that forced her to dry her forearm, re-polish the scratched nail of her index finger, and repair to a sunny seat in the paddock. Her host oddly enough lunched after the second race, which shows the only convenience of two three-quarter-of-an-hour intervals between races at this meeting.

The first race, the Charlton Welter, was won by Captain Percy Whitaker for Lord Abergavenny with Knight of the Vale, who seemed to run a very much better horse for Wragg than he did for Carslake at Hurst Park on Saturday, where he was very much fancied. Xandover was just not quite good enough under his big weight to win the Steward's Cup, though his brilliant speed kept him in front till the distance. Poor Lad just ran Zano off out of it, which he might not have done on a flat course, the latter being rather a tall, overgrown horse to come down the hill. On the whole it was not a very good class field, perhaps the most taking-looking horse being To You, who should win again shortly over five furlongs.

Cockpen justified his short price by walking away with the Ham Stakes; Lady Nunburnholme's Perfection, who was second, being a very good goer who should be made a note of.

Homer at last managed to win a race in spite of himself, hating every moment of it as the devil hates holy water. In a few more strides Oban would have caught him, but the form is what the conditions of the race would lead one to expect. It argues very little for performance to remain a maiden any length of time it would appear. The Gratwicke Stakes fell to Spenser, who alone of the poor field seemed to get the trip. In this, Rolling Rock was yet another second for Victor Gilpin who has now scored nearly enough of them to make a minute.

A word in praise of the traffic management which compared to former days is the enormous improvement which at the charge of up to £4 per car it should be. It still seems unreasonable to have to leave half the road for anyone who may want to be going to the course when racing is over. The roads might be made one-way at that hour.



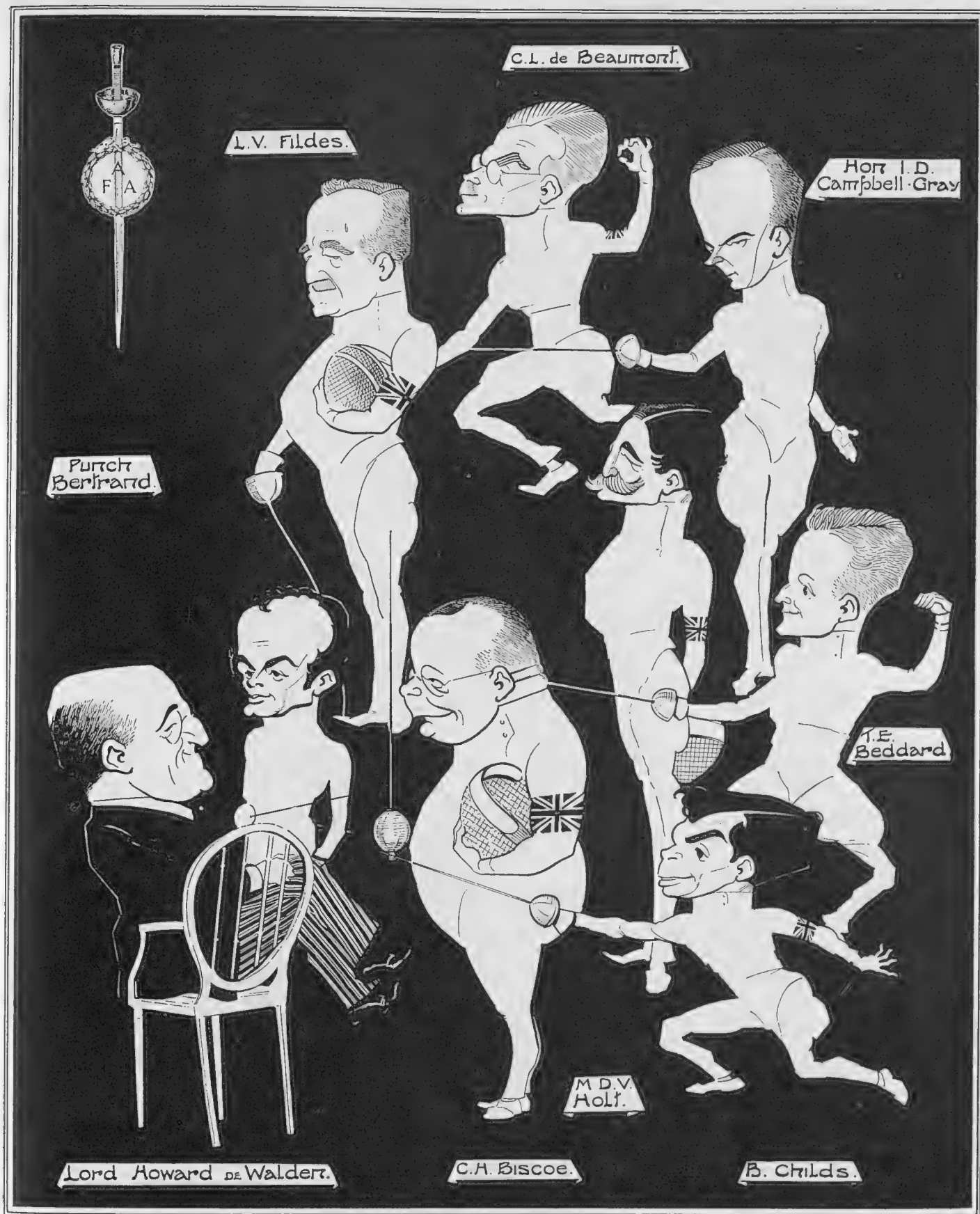
Poole, Dublin

**ALSO AT THE CURRAGH: MR. AND MRS. OTWAY GRAHAM-TOLER AND MRS. MINCHIN**

Mr. Graham-Toler is heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Norbury. Durrow Abbey, Mr. Graham-Toler's place in King's Co., was destroyed during the trouble in Ireland, but has since been rebuilt. Mrs. Toler is well known with the Westmeath Hounds, as is also Mrs. Minchin



## THE MODERN DUELLO



## THE AMATEUR FENCING ASSOCIATION IN ACTION—BY FRED MAY

These impressions were gathered at the Hotel Victoria where Great Britain fought an international match with Portugal and got beaten but not disgraced. Lord Howard de Walden is President of the Association, of which H.M. the King is the Patron, and the British team competing was Mr. T. E. Beddard, Mr. C. H. Biscoe (captain), the Hon. I. D. Campbell-Gray, Mr. B. Childs, Mr. C. L. de Beaumont, and Mr. L. V. Fildes, with, in reserve, Mr. M. D. V. Holt. Mr. Biscoe captained our team v. Portugal in 1929 and all the others had also won international honours. Duelling, owing to the rapid advance of civilization, has almost gone out of fashion, and other and much more expensive methods of settling our little differences are the vogue, but a knowledge of the épée, or duelling sword, is most useful because no one ever knows—does he?



# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

## How to Train the Young.

I HAVEN'T very much envy (because I was young myself once, so I ought to know, even though it's apparently the easiest thing in the world to forget)—I have not much envy of Youth as Youth, but I do love the young and wish them better. They are so frightfully energetic, so earnestly cocksure, and they march so full of radiant Hope towards the Future, unconsciously doing no more than marking time. They never seem to get much farther than their fathers did, nor than *their* fathers did before *them*, because of course it really is so very difficult to improve the world when, for so many uphill years, you've got to keep yourself and, peradventure, a wife and children; while by the time you have reached a position which might make reconstruction possible a whole new generation stands on the mat outside the door hinting darkly that it's getting about time you, too, made way for younger men! True, a few rare spirits soar out into the blue of a New Earth, but they are always lonely figures, and the rest of the world never seems able to catch up with them. The world, in fact, hasn't as yet caught up with Shakespeare, so what chance has Shaw? Indeed, the longer I live and the more I study history and current events, the more I realize that when all is said and done for Civilization, the best that can be said of it and all that we can do is to declare that the Human World marks time admirably, getting possibly a little cleaner in the process—and this purely in the "soapy" manner of cleanliness, I mean. But Youth, thank goodness! doesn't know that. It's out for the Big Stride. And often it succeeds by winning the Open Golf Championship or by inventing something which goes somewhere so quickly that the World's Press openly states that the Future may confidently be left in the hands of the splendid Rising Generation. Or, peradventure, a woman hurls a cannon-ball by main force an incredible distance, an equally sure sign that a New and Better World is forging ahead! Only something else always seems to be going unaccountably wrong. So that it is difficult to say if the World, as a whole, gets any happier, and if it doesn't, where on earth are the benefits of Civilization, and where on earth are any of us getting? To say nothing of the fruits of experience, and what becomes of them! And so a lot of earnest people, realizing doubtless that something must be radically wrong with something, somewhere, consider it is better to begin looking for it at the beginning, and so have started some marvellous theories on child-culture. The reason why there seems to be an ever-deepening blight upon humanity must apparently be sought right from the moment of a child's birth. Some, indeed, become *even* earlier far more personal and much more familiar.

I once knew a woman whose condition was what is known as "interesting" (but not mentionable before the servants), who visited daily the British Museum, hoping by gazing raptly on the Elgin Marbles, to become the mother, if not of something lovely, at least of something appreciative of beauty. Alas, the baby, a girl, was born cross-eyed, and the only evidence of appreciation of beauty is that she now will go simply anywhere to see a Ronald Colman film. The result doesn't seem worthy of her mother's early valour because, of

course, she was not herself really interested in marbles, Elgin or otherwise, but she had read a recent treatise on the effect of prenatal influences. But one could go on almost for ever—or so eternal does it seem when people go on for ever all about it—and it only leads in actual experience to the most astounding contrasts between theory and practice, and this fact doubtless staggered the pre-Adamite parents as much as it staggers the neo-Georgian ones. I think one of the most uncomfortable meals I ever

spent was with a family of young children who had been brought up on the theory—and it is inculcated by Miss Ethel Mannin to a great extent in her new book, "Common Sense and the Child" (Jarrolds. 6s.)—that, save from being dragged from a burning coal, any form of discipline creates an immediate repression in a child, and so spoils irretrievably a budding personality. Being a grown-up I was only expected to listen and admire. The noise was terrific. Bread pellets flew in all directions. No crockery was broken because the parental theory of up-bringing proved to be more economical in tin. But there were one or two abrasures with a table knife, and the local laundry must have gone on its knees in thankfulness. The fond parents told me in confidence how delightful it was for them to watch the gradual elimination of these disturbing manifestations, as without commendation, and certainly without reprimand, they gradually faded away. To give place to more and probably worse ones was my own mental conclusion. Miss Mannin, however, hints at even more direful consequences to the child of one needless *don't*. If you were sitting here before me I would tell you at once what the consequences might be, but if I printed the word some infuriated subscriber from Streatham would be sure to write immediately terminating her subscription to THE TATLER "after twenty years." So you will have to buy the book for yourself. Of course, I think she exaggerates the importance which certain physical parts play in a child's amusement, but she doesn't exaggerate the utter unimportance of them in the child's well-being until they become unduly prominent in its mind through reprimand. Quite a lot made me want to laugh, especially the connection between mud-pies and . . . No, I must again remember the subscriber from Streatham! Of course, I think she lays too much stress in her book on the importance of the natural animal behaviour in children, so that its *unimportance* becomes the main theme of her theories, but at any rate she realizes that whatever children may do it is no "sin"—until some convention-ridden parent, nurse, or teacher makes it so. And just because this part of her book is the most outspoken but the least significant, it will doubtless create the most silly hubbub. The really revolutionary theories in the book have to do with religion and the child. Miss Mannin is against giving the child any religious instruction at all. She realizes, and says openly, what most thoughtful people realize but never mention, that God-the-avenger, plus all the accompanying paraphernalia of hell and eternal punishment, and its creation of sin where there is no sin except in the prurient adult religious mind, has done more to destroy the real innocence and beauty and happiness in undeveloped natures than almost anything else. If God cannot be brought to children alone and entirely in the form of understanding, forgiveness, and love, it were better for the child that His name were omitted. In later education, her book strongly



Bertram Park

MRS. PERCY BENNETT

Wife of Mr. Percy Bennett, C.M.G., formerly H.M. Minister Plenipotentiary successively to Panama, Costa Rica, and Venezuela. Mrs. Percy Bennett was formerly the widow of Mr. Ambrose Mustard, son of the late Rev. David Mustard, vicar of Little Oakley, Suffolk



MR. NEIL BELL

E. O. Hoppe

One of the younger school of authors. A novel by him entitled "Precious Porcelain" has just been successfully launched and is making good

Continued on p. 226





# H.M. THE KING'S "BRITANNIA" WINNING AT THE ROYAL THAMES REGATTA

A beautiful picture of His Majesty's famous old cutter in which he is sailing at Cowes. This was taken on the day "Britannia" won the race for the big yachts at the Royal Thames Regatta. The big schooner "Westward" on a course which was nearly all reaching, and therefore suited her, had to allow "Britannia" 5 minutes 50 seconds and just failed to concede it.



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

advocates the co-education of boys and girls from the very earliest years, with which I also agree; always providing that it is a real co-education with no sex-restrictions whatsoever. Only by these means can I ever foresee sex being put into its proper place in future lives and robbed of its air of "sinfulness," its "mystery," its false romance: thus its part will become of infinitesimal importance apart from its one all-important purpose. Indeed there is undoubtedly a lot of real commonsense in Miss Mannin's book which will reveal itself to you after you have got over your early "hysterics." All boiled down it comes to this: that the best education and up-bringing of all belongs to the child of such a large family that there is neither money to employ professional "don'ters," nor time for the parents to "don't" for themselves; a very little learning and lots and lots of liberty; the only moral code inculcated being the moral code of the crowd which learns, through experience, how best to live by letting others live, too. At any rate the result of conventional up-bringing and education is depressing enough. Miss Mannin belongs to the Bertram Russell, A. S. Neill brigade of educational "revolutionaries." Nor am I uncertain of their success—*eventually*. But a whole monstrous army of parental and moral dull-wits will have to be conquered first. This book, "Commonsense and the Child," is just one preliminary "bomb." Quite a good one, too; although, like all bombs, it destroys some things which might well have been left intact.

\* \* \*

Thoughts from  
"Commonsense  
and the Child."

"The only real education consists of the discoveries one makes for oneself, the only real culture that which one acquires for oneself in the course of living."

"Education will never be of value until it begins to concern itself more with life than with learning."

"I believe that children do not care a stick of liquorice about pretty painted nursery and school-room furniture and 'arty' crockery."

"I do not believe in trained nurses. I believe that the woman who cannot look after her own young herself has no right to have any."

"It's Mamma and Nurse who are in love with Peter Pan; the children are more interested in the ducks on the Serpentine and the dogs and the other children."

\* \* \*

Some More Books for the Holidays.

The minds of certain readers are an unfathomable mystery. The number of books which are read and which seem to leave not the very least impression upon the minds of those who read them is colossal. I have come to the conclusion that the only way by which to explain the fact that certain people will go to the same cinema once a week, utterly impervious to the

appeal of the programme or otherwise; that certain people will read anything so long as it is easy to read, is that their minds are so incapable of anything approaching "adventure" that reading and cinema-going are just a habit, like smiling when you are being photographed in a group outside a boarding-house. Cinema-going, reading, they are just something to pass the time, and create no more real interest, and leave no deeper impression on some people than if they stood on a station platform watching trains. There are certain well-known publishers, for example, who turn out drivelling fiction relentlessly. They know their own business best, I suppose, but who *buys* their publications? That is what I should like to know. Their appeal is invariably to such an unawakened intelligence that I feel sure their readers would begrudge spending seven-and-sixpence on anything but food and adornment. These

badly-written, childish "romances" are supposed to make "ideal holiday books," but, speaking personally, to wade through one is more like hard work than almost anything I know. My ideal holiday book demands far more "guts." I could read, for example, Joan A. Cowdray's exciting "Watch Mr. Moh" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), which has a well thought-out plot and many surprising twists, and at least one scene where the hero is left alone in the house of the girl whose father has just been murdered, which is a real thriller. Better still, I could read on my holiday Miss Joanna Cannan's "High Table" (Benn, 7s. 6d.), which is the poignant story of a man who had few redeeming features except the pathos of being unloved, of being lonely, of being frustrated, and being unlike other men. As a boy, Theodore Fletcher was almost unpleasant. His shyness was morbid, he was a coward, and inclined to take by false means what he could not get by fair ones. As he grows up these traits become more pronounced, and to them

is added an exasperating form of smugness. He goes to Oxford and while there seduces the daughter of a publican. After this he draws even deeper into himself. He becomes the Warden of his College, but not because of his merits or popularity, but because he is used as a pawn to keep out a stronger man. Life seems hereafter to be a mere matter of routine. But then the War breaks out, and with it there stirs in Theodore's heart something of the common emotions of life. As chance will have it, there is billeted upon Theodore his own son by the girl whom he seduced, but who had married before their child was born. Thus in the guise of "god-father" poor Theodore lives vicariously the kind of life which might have been his; experiences the kind of love which he has never felt; is brought by his relationship to the young soldier and his girl-bride into the common emotional heritage of all mankind. The story is rather a sad one, but it is so beautifully told, and the strange, unlovely character of Theodore is so well described, that it is really moving.



First Director: The question is, when are we going to get out of this mess?

Second Director: The question is, how are we going to get out of this mess?

Third Director: The question is, what are we going to get out of this mess?



# AT LAST WEEK'S

# WEDDING AT HEVER



LORD AND LADY SACKVILLE



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: CAPTAIN AND MRS. RIRID MYDDELTON



MR. AND MRS. DE LASZLO



LORD AND LADY HASTINGS



LORD AND LADY CAMDEN AND LORD HARDINGE (centre)



LORD AND LADY WINTERTON

One of the prettiest brides of the whole year was married when Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne was wedded to Captain Ririd Myddelton, Coldstream Guards, at the little church at Hever, hard by Hever Castle, the seat of her step-father, the Hon. J. J. Astor, and her mother Lady Violet Astor. Mrs. Ririd Myddelton's father was the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, formerly Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, a son of the late Lord Lansdowne. He was in the Royals and was killed in the cavalry operations in 1914 in the retreat from Mons. Lady Violet Astor, the bride's mother, is the youngest of the three beautiful daughters of the late Lord Minto, her sisters being Lady Francis Scott and Lady Cromer. Captain Myddelton is the son of Colonel R. E. Myddelton of Chirk Castle, and of the late Violet Lady Cowley. Lord Hardinge, who is with Lord and Lady Camden, succeeded the late Lord Minto as Viceroy of India and narrowly escaped assassination from a bomb thrown at him and the late Lady Hardinge in Delhi. Lord Hardinge was badly wounded



# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL AND HER MOTH

The up-to-date way to go to a polo match is to fly there. This picture was taken at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, where the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall (formerly Miss Josephine Laycock) was playing for the Melton Ladies' team

in the same type of aircraft at 141 m.p.h. after flying round the course in a visibility so low that flying was barely possible, and in 1929 Flight-Lieutenant R. L. R. Atcherley in a Gloster Grebe won at 150.3 m.p.h. So that Mr. Edwards, Flight-Lieutenant Gibbons, who was second in his Hermes Spartan at 109 m.p.h., Lieutenant G. Rodd who was third, and Flight-Lieutenant E. A. Healy, Mr. Wallace Barr's entry, who was fourth, demonstrated their skill in cross-country flying in a striking and conclusive manner.

## Two Kinds of Pilot.

Success depends more on the pilot the worse the weather. And it is essential to distinguish between the brilliant aerobatic pilot and the cross-country pilot. Some aerobatic pilots are not good at cross-country flying, as many cross-country pilots are not good at aerobatics. It was because he has shown himself to possess the true racing temperament, and to be unsurpassed at bad weather cross-country flying that Mr. A. C. M. Jackman in his Puss Moth was so popular a choice, especially after his sensational take-off. But I am inclined to think, from the pilots' reports and the way the race went, that the aircraft which started late encountered

## The King's Cup.

SINCE 1925, when it was flown in dense fog, I do not remember a race for the King's Cup flown in worse weather. Torrential rain, low clouds, and a variable wind prevailed over all but two sections of the 982½ miles' course. At Heston the weather conditions were appalling, but they were rightly not allowed to interrupt the pageant programme though they interfered with the enjoyment of the Duke and Duchess of York and other spectators. In view of the weather the greater must be the credit accorded to the winner, Flying-Officer E. C. T. Edwards and to his Hermes Bluebird for averaging nearly 118 m.p.h., the highest speed at which any light aeroplane has won the event.

The occasions on which the race has been won at higher speeds were all with modified service aircraft. The first year, 1922, Captain F. L. Barnard, in a Rolls-Royce DH4A won at 120 m.p.h., and the next year Captain Courtney in a Jaguar Siskin won at 149 m.p.h. In 1925 Captain Barnard won

the worse weather. The greater credit therefore attaches to Lieutenant Rodd in the Puss Moth, entered by Miss Peggy Salaman, who came in third and won Lord Wakefield's prize for the fastest time with 127.5 m.p.h.

Indeed, the two outstanding performances of the whole race were by the two Rs, Rodd and Robb. Lieutenant Rodd has shown himself to be a first-class pilot, and his flying career will be watched with the closest interest in the future. He made a good start, sitting inside the cabin of his Puss Moth in shirt sleeves with Miss Peggy Salaman behind, while the rain poured down outside on the spectators and on Colonel Lindsay Lloyd with his raised starter's flag. As the flag fell about 8 a.m., Lieutenant Rodd banged open the throttle and was on his course in a few seconds, to be the first back marker home in the evening.

## The Pobjoy Swift.

The other "R" was Squadron-Leader Robb in Captain Gerard Fane's Comper Swift with Pobjoy engine. Squadron-Leader Robb averaged 118.3 m.p.h., and came in sixth in the handicap. The Pobjoy engine has never before been put through such a test and it emerged triumphant, a happy augury for that hard tried but invincible combination, Flight-Lieutenant Comper and Mr. Pobjoy. As the Swift crossed the finishing line it seemed to be running as smoothly as at the start. It was a brilliant combination of fine piloting and skilful design.

Manufacturers would do well to note the implications. The Pobjoy is a geared, high-revving, but fairly short stroke engine. It will certainly start a fashion—already too long delayed—for high revs and gears in light aero engines.

Other pilots who did well were Mr. John Grierson, Mr. L. M. J. Balfour, Mr. C. S. Napier, Mr. J. C. Webster, and Miss F. J. Crossley, who was tenacious enough to finish despite all checks.

## Household Brigade.

The King's Cup Race has left me little space for dealing with one of the pleasantest meetings of the season, that held by the Household Brigade Flying Club at Heston. At this meeting it was difficult to know how to divide the attention between new types of aeroplane and new types of toilette; how to look at both hats and the Hadrian (not Hannibal, as some seemed to think, but his brother).

The conditions were as good as they could be. The Prince of Wales arrived in his Puss Moth and taxied up to the enclosure entrance according to the book. The weather was of the kind specially suited to air meetings. Clouds, like Vichy Water before wine, took away the acidity of the sun, and the temperature remained just right as if it were thermostatically controlled. The work of a band at an air meeting is always a thankless task, so that a special word of thanks is due to Captain Miller and the Grenadier Guards band which, on the roof of the control building, played so well and helped to give the meeting zest.

Certainly the variety of aircraft types was wide. It is doubtful if so many different types have been collected together at any previous civil air display. The Fairey (Napier) long-range monoplane flew over; so did Hadrian. The Ford tri-motor commercial machine as well as the aircraft which were being prepared for the King's Cup Race, including the all-metal Arrow Active, Mr. A. C. Thornton's interesting design, were present, as well as the Monospar and others.



A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AERO CLUB GROUP

An interesting group taken at the Sywell Aerodrome on the day Mr. Lowe Wylde paid the club a visit with his glider, the "Valentine." The names of pilots and members in the picture, left to right, are: Mr. K. Whittome, who owns a D.H. Gipsy Moth, Miss Shale, Mr. Henry Deterding, who owns a Gipsy Moth (on ground), Mrs. Deterding, Captain E. W. Stewart, a well-known parachutist, Commander Geoffrey Stuart, social secretary of club, Mr. William Harris, Mr. Lowe Wylde and Mrs. Green (at back), Miss Ford, —, Mr. Harry Shale, Captain Taylor, Mr. Russell of "Redwings," Mr. Payne of "Redwings"





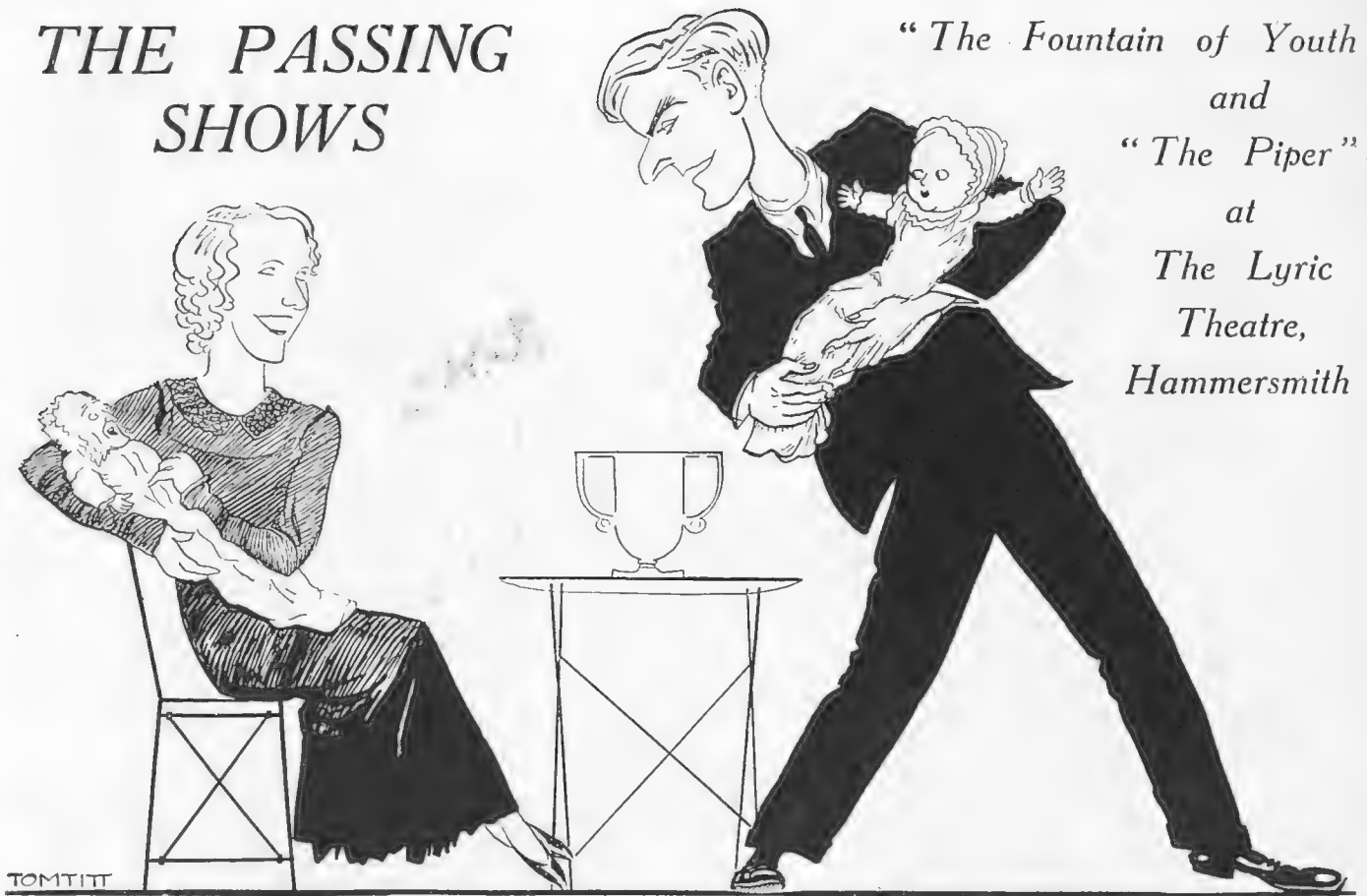
*Howard M. King, Sevenoaks*

### LADY SACKVILLE OF KNOLE

Lady Sackville of Knole is an American, and was Miss Anne Meredith Bigelow before she married Lord Sackville as his second wife in 1924. She was the hostess at the mass demonstration of Conservatives in the counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, which took place at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, on July 25, and at which Mr. Stanley Baldwin, supported by many Conservative members in those counties, addressed the assembled concourse. Lord Sackville was formerly in the 60th, served with great distinction in the war, in which he was wounded, and got two mentions. Besides the C.M.G. he was decorated with the American D.S.M. and the Italian Croce de Guerra

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Fountain of Youth"  
and  
"The Piper"  
at  
The Lyric  
Theatre,  
Hammersmith



## A HUNDRED-PER-CENT. REJUVENATION

The farmer's daughter (Miss Margery Hicklin) and her swain (Mr. John Thompson) make an alarming discovery. A second dose of the magic water from the Well of Youth has converted their once-elderly parents from youth to extreme infancy

"The Piper" and "The Fountain of Youth" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. WHEN Sir Nigel Playfair finds himself promoted to higher rank in some future Honours List by a Prime Minister enlightened enough to consider knighthood an insufficient reward for theatrical endeavour, I prophesy that it will be for restoring native light opera to its pristine glory. Mr. A. P. Herbert's *Tantivy Towers* struck the first spark of revivalism, and warming its hands, so to speak, on the still smouldering embers of Gilbert and Sullivan, kindled a new fire without resource to borrowed sticks or reflected glory.

The modern music-lover, apart from concerts and in the intervals between Covent Garden opera seasons, has little excuse for forsaking his wireless set for the theatre. The stuff of which musical comedy scores are made does not minister to his needs. Indeed, there must be thousands of mezzo-brows of all ages who make no bones about describing this form of entertainment as punk, bosh, tripe, or any other mono-syllable signifying the extremes of lunacy.

I suggested in my appreciation of *Tantivy Towers* that Mr. Herbert should let the eye, which lighted so shrewdly on Chelsea and the shires, rove farther afield in search of victims new. This topsy-turvy, bitter-sweet, shallow-deep age is simply asking to be lampooned. Amid the clamour of Broadway melodies, cheap motor-cars, peroxide sex-appeal (Hollywood has "gone blonde"), may not the voice of the satirist be heard more loudly in a land overflowing with doles and hikers? Let us have a Herbert in Mayfair armed with as keen a rapier as a Juan in America. Let us have a dozen Gilberts and a dozen Sullivans to lure the intelligentsia to the box offices. Instead of wisecracks and custard pies flung about between spasms of syncopated ditties borrowed from the song-hit before last, let reason add its voice to rhyme. The public, we are told, is nervous of fantasy on the stage, and squirms uncomfortably when a dramatist puts too fine an edge on the blade of satire.

Comic opera, light as an omelette, has a poetic licence which tempers the steel; it is a mirror in which we can see ourselves pertinently and impertinently distorted. There is, I believe, no dearth of native talent. Mr. Herbert heads the librettists by reason of his *Tantivings*. There are others, Mr. Herbert Farjeon for one, and he has already proved his wit and resource as a lyricist and parodist by providing Miss Elizabeth Pollock with the material for her imitations and by contributing to "The Graphic," in collaboration with his sister, a delightful burlesque of Wimbledon in light operatic vein. Optimism suggests that the blossoming of another Sullivan may be no more of an impossibility than the advent of another smiter of the golf ball worthy to wear the halo of Robert T. Jones.



## PRO-YOUTH: THE CLERK

Nicholas Vachery (Mr. Harry Hilliard) has a brain wave—to convert the village of Yongley into Yongley Wells, where the water of rejuvenation may be bought at 100 guineas a pint



## ANTI-YOUTH: THE SEXTON

Mark Mugwort (Mr. Scott Russell) dotes on funerals and sings with Gilbertian gloom his willingness to dig a grave for all and sundry, including tax-collectors



These high-sounding hopes that a new school of comic opera is surely taking root among the tram-lines of Hammersmith are inspired by *The Piper* and *The Fountain of Youth*, two virile specimens of modern invention about which there can be no shadow of Gilbertian doubt.

*The Piper*, by Mr. Herbert Ferrers, is a one-act version of Browning's poem with but little alteration to the text, and reunites us to our old friend, the legendary charmer of rats from the town of Hamelin. That fine singer, Mr. Percy Heming, is the piper, though not, for all the many colours of his cloak, the pied magician of the picture-book illustrations. Rather is he presented as a high-brow hermit. But this blonde mystic, hatless, wild of eye, and coiffed with the hirsute profusion of an intellectual Viking minus his moustachios, certainly held us in fief as he held the crippled boy who was left behind in the procession of youth which followed the piper as obediently as the rats marched out to their watery grave. Into the staccato summons of the pipe and the thematic *motif* of the piper's song Mr. Ferrers has conjured the spirit of magic and the haunting simplicity of true melody. Mr. Heming sang delightfully, and the basso profundo of Mr. Harry Brindle's mayor rang humorously deep. As the lame boy, Miss Olive Dyer sang and acted

with an air of childish wonder that went unerringly to the heart. Here was the spirit of Peter Pan and Jessica's First Prayer mingled under one curly head. *The Piper* is not one of those "curtain-raisers" which excuse a late arrival. Do not miss a minute of it.

\* \* \*

"The Fountain of Youth."

Mr. W. Graham Robertson's two-

#### THE FARMER— BEFORE REJUVENATION

Joshua Dalebrook (Mr. Roy Russell) is celebrating his thirtieth wedding anniversary when he quaffs a cup of the water which has suddenly bubbled up like ginger beer in his cellar. Growler, the sheep-dog, is the first victim of Fons Juventutis

act comic opera, *The Fountain of Youth*, is a romp of the liveliest description with

a dash of *Ever Green* to enliven the rusticity of Arcadia. The farmer's daughter (Miss Margery Hicklin) discovers water in the old well in the cellar which bears the description "Fons Juventutis." Growler, the sheep-dog, takes a bath in it and emerges as a puppy. Farmer Dalebrook (Mr. Roy Russell) and his spouse (Miss Nellie Briercliffe) drink from a loving-cup in full view of the villagers assembled in honour of their thirtieth wedding day



and reappear completely rejuvenated—Joshua as a gawky red-haired youth, his wife as a pig-tailed flapper in flowered muslin. Mr. Vachery, the clerk (Mr. Harry Hilliard), conceives the notion of turning Yongly into Yongley Wells, Limited—"boyhood in bottle; youth recovered while you wait; the elixir of youth at a hundred guineas a pint." Act II converts the farmhouse into a sort of country-club cabaret, with fairy lights over the wicket-gate and supper-tables in the garden. The village girls are transformed into musical-comedy shepherdesses. Guests arrive, including the super-profitier, Sir Bullion Blount (Mr. Percy Heming), to take the magic water and watch the ballet divertissement headed by Mrs. Dalebrook as the Rosebud Queen. The farmer, a jealous strippling of nineteen, comes to blows with his wife's dancing-partner, bemoans the fact that it will take him five years to grow into a decent man, and decides to go the whole hog and revert to childhood. The Rosebud Queen, who is thoroughly enjoying herself as the belle of the village, is forced to take another dose of the elixir, with the result that the couple's next appearance is as a pair of babies in long clothes, a punishment which befalls the dishonest company promoter for scheming to foist the concern on the public, despite the fact that the well of youth has run dry. This is an even neater twist than the use of the two sheep dogs, both on the best of terms with themselves and their fellow actors.



#### MATRON INTO FLAPPER

The farmer's wife (Miss Nellie Briercliffe) makes a miraculous and disturbing return to pigtails and flapper-dom after a draught of the magic water

Mr. Graham Robertson's book is crisp and gay, and his lyrics have grace, style, and point. Mr. Alfred Reynolds' score is so tuneful and inviting that my main criticism of a delightful entertainment concerns

its quantity. There is a dearth of recitative and the music seems more incidental than integral. With more of it *The Fountain of Youth* would better live up to its operatic subtitle. Everybody sings and frolics with a relish that suggests that the well of youth and high spirits must be permanently

on tap in the dressing-rooms of the Lyric Theatre. "TRINCULO."



#### THE PIED PIPER AND THE LAME BOY

"The Piper," an opera in one act by Herbert Ferrers, precedes "The Fountain of Youth" and is a delightful version of Browning's poem. Mr. Percy Heming is the legendary decoyer of rats and children from the town of Hamelin, and Miss Olive Dyer makes a hit as the little cripple. Both operas, for which Mr. Reginald Lee has designed the scenery and costumes, are admirably produced by Sir Nigel Playfair

## UP SUTHERLANDSHIRE WAY

AT KYLESTROME LODGE: LADY MARY GROSVENOR AND  
LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEYLADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY  
AND "PRINCE"LADY MARY GROSVENOR AND  
MISS POWELLAT LOCHMORE: MR. "IKEY" BELL, M.F.H.,  
AND MRS. HILTON GREENPATRICK FILMER-SANKEY AND  
LORD CARLOW

All these snapshots were taken at the Duke of Westminster's recent party in the Highlands at his shooting lodges in Sutherlandshire. Since they were taken Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, her husband, and children have gone off south to Monte to sun-bathe, and, presumably, get ready for the strenuous time to come in the next few months in South Notts, where Major Filmer-Sankey is Joint Master and huntsman of the South Notts Hounds. The ponies on which Lady Ursula and her sister, Lady Mary Grosvenor, are seen are those beautiful things, the Highland pony, which some people say trace back to the Easterns which the Phœnicians landed in the Shetlands, and from which, undoubtedly, the Shetland pony of to-day descends. Mr. "Ikey" Bell is the most popular Master of the S. and W. Wilts, and Mrs. Hilton Green the wife of the new Master of the Cottesmore. Lord Carlow, who is with Major and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey's little boy, is Lord Portarlington's only son.



# THE BURTON PUPPY SHOW



FOR THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE GOOD HOUNDS—LET'S HOPE

Two of the guests of the Master of the Burton, Sir Julien Cahn, inspecting a part of his future pack. Fox-hound whelps always make a most attractive picture, and this is a peculiarly happy snapshot



THE PUPPY SHOW PARTY INCLUDING THE JUDGES

*Photographs by Howard Barrett*

The names in the group are: Back row—Mrs. Pidcock, Mrs. Munt, who is the daughter of Sir Dennis and Lady Bayley, Mr. E. P. Rawnsley an ex-Master of the Southwold, Miss Sandars, Mrs. Larken, Mr. Pidcock, Mr. Woolf, and Miss Finburgh. Middle row—Colonel Larken, Lady Cahn, Mr. "Ikey" Bell, Master of the S. and W. Wilts and ex-Master of the Kilkenny and "The Blazers," the Hon. Mrs. Sandars, who is a sister of Lord Graves, Colonel Wharton, Mrs. MacMillan, Sir Julien Cahn, the Master of the Burton, and Mrs. Woolf. On ground in front—Mr. Munt, James Welch, huntsman to the Blankney and formerly for many years with the Cottesmore, Mr. G. Heane, and Alf Peaker, huntsman to the Brocklesby. Sir Julien Cahn, in addition to his activities where this historic old pack of hounds is concerned, is, as the world knows, a very keen and generous supporter of cricket and has taken teams out on foreign tours more than once (Jamaica 1929, the Argentine 1930) as well as put his own team in the field at home



MLLE. LY ASTRA

Who appeared recently in the principal part in "The Merry Housemaid," the musical comedy which has made a big success in Budapesth, and for the production of which in Paris, Berlin, and London arrangements are now en train

although he is not particularly tender with Sir George Buchanan or Mr. Lloyd George. It is edited by Fayard:

\* \* \*

I am writing to you from the Island in the mid-day hush of a low tide. Across the channel that divides us from the continent I can see, in the misty distance, the gap in the coast line that means the mouth of the Loire. It is there that the *St. Philibert* went down only six weeks ago. The tragedy seems incredible on such a day as this. A placid sea, the bluest of skies and wonderful sunshine, and yet only yesterday three more bodies were washed up far down the coast.

During the winter a second little shack has been built for me down here. Yesterday morning when I arrived many of my working friends came to see if I was pleased with it. The mason who built the place to my simple plans—in a backwater like this one can be one's own architect—the carpenter who timbered the roof and made the doors and shutters, the smithy who forged the great clumsy picturesque door fastenings, the painter, the plumber and the old road mender who is supposed to keep my paths in order but who explains to me that weeds

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Tremendous reception, Très Cher, for the Little Duchess and her Royal Spouse. How the Republican in the street does love Royalty, to be sure. You would never imagine that the forbears of the enthusiastic spectators who lined the streets and yelled a vociferous welcome were "them same" as stormed the Bastille!

I have just been reading Jean Jacoby's "Le Tsar Nicolas II et la Révolution"; tremendously interesting, and I think you would enjoy it,

are good for a gravel drive (when it is built on sand) as it makes it firmer!!! Well . . . five out of these six good souls were wearing little bows of crêpe at the side of their caps . . . all were in mourning for a relative who was on the *St. Philibert*.

But how little does death seem to affect those who live as close to Nature as these people do. After a day or so of loud grief and bell-tolling, followed by feasting, they seem to forget so easily. Perhaps it is because, in their simple faith, they cannot doubt of a reunion hereafter. They are to be envied.

\* \* \*

My carpenter friend was very drunk, owlishly so . . . but full of dignity. The mason apologised for him and explained. It seems that the village baker is dead. (Dear old Néol who could neither read nor write and who used to cut a notch on a tally every time he delivered my bread.) He was a tall and a very fat man. He died in the attic bed-room of his little house in the main street and the "getting of him down them stairs" afforded Paul—the carpenter—every excuse for several extra glasses. It is, of course, the local carpenter who makes the coffins . . . and the canoes for the summer visitors . . . and mends old furniture and is jack of all trades. Indeed they all are and have no wrongful pride that prevents them from helping with heavy trunks or shunting furniture or even giving a hand in washing the car! They will also—when they are working here, on the edge of the dune—drop anything they may be doing to go fishing with me at low tide . . . as we are going to do now!

\* \* \*

And very nice too! Four small soles, half-a-dozen mullet and a bag full of prawns. Paddy (the dog) caught a crab, though, judging by the noise and Paddy's expression when he joined the party again, it was more the crab that caught Paddy.

I hope you will be able to read this! I am smothered in oil in order to sun-burn without peeling and a good deal of it seems to have got onto my writing paper with disastrous effects to the ink!

Mark ye . . . I am going to be quite out of the fashion. Sun-burn is not worn this year! The smart young things intend to be lily-white, or a slightly gangrenous green, despite their Deauvilles or their Eden Roccs or their various islands. None of the grand couturiers are bothering to provide the sun-burn oil (mine is filched from the kitchen and maybe the salad will go

short to-night), that they splashed about last season, though, to console us, Molyneux has created vivre, the only flower perfume I know that is not an insult to Nature when used in the country. Too too fresh and lovely for words.

Snice to be away from Paris . . . my last days there were dull beyond description. Provincials and foreigners everywhere converging, in streams from every quarter, towards the Colonial Exhibition.

\* \* \*



DJEMIL ANIK

Abel, Paris

The wonderful coloured dancer, who has been performing with such success at the Exposition Coloniale in Paris, to which T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York paid an official visit. The Exposition has drawn people from all over the world

So many British and American visitors. Paris is amazingly English *sounding* at this time of the year. English plays, and English talkies, and charabancs loaded to the brim, each boasting of a gesticulatory (if I may be allowed the word) guide, who yells something that seems to be English through his megaphone at every street corner. All very noisy and fussy and somehow cheap. . . . Well, thank God for my Island and its distance from the madding crowd, sez I! —With love, PRISCILLA.





LADIES OF THE LAKE

*A photographic study by Mr. Fred Daniels*

## AT THE CLONMEL



MR. G. S. WEBB, M.F.H., MAJOR W. P. CANTRELL-HUBBERSTY, AND MAJOR H. O. PEACOCK



THE RIGHT HON. T. K. LAIDLAW

## HORSE SHOW



SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH, M.F.H., AND MR. IKEY BELL, M.F.H.



MISS KEANE, MRS. VILLIERS-STEWART, AND MR. KEANE



MAJOR-GENERAL R. O. KELLETT



MAJOR AND MRS. CANTRELL-HUBBERSTY AND A FRIEND

Clonmel is very nearly the next-best show in all Ireland to Dublin, and, unlike the great show, it includes hounds as well as horses. A great many people, very well known in the hunting world in England and Ireland, were there, as will be observed, and Major Cantrell-Hubbersty, who gets more than his fair share of broken bones in Leicestershire, was one of the judges, and is with Mr. G. S. Webb, Master of the Ormond, and Major Peacock, two more of the judges. Mr. T. K. Laidlaw is very well known in the racing world of Ireland, and is an Irish Privy Councillor. Mr. Ikey Bell, who has had both the Blazers and the Kilkenny, and now has the S. and W. Wilts, was judging the hounds, and is with Sir Thomas Ainsworth, present Master of the Tipperary and an ex-Master of the Blazers and ex-Joint of the Meath. Major-General R. O. Kellett was Vice-President of the show, and has his seat at Clonacody in Tipperary

Photographs by Frank O'Brien





# White Horse Whisky

*Sold in Bottles  
and various sizes  
of handy Flasks*





THE AST

By A.





ONOMERS

Bestall

Sh!  
Sch!  
Schweppes!



G. Harrington

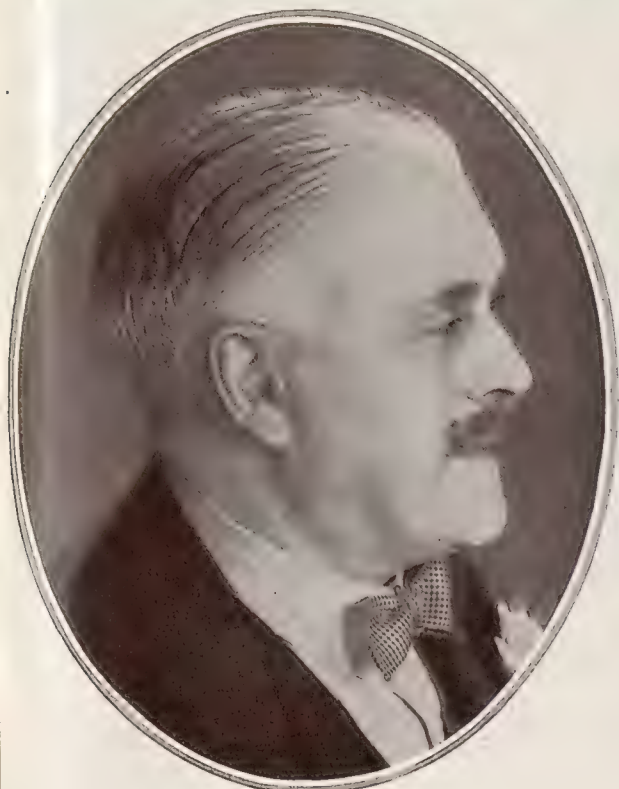
Don't say "Whisky & Soda," say "WHISKY & Schweppe"



# CHARMING PEOPLE IN "THESE CHARMING PEOPLE"



MR. GODFREY TEARLE AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE



MR. CYRIL MAUDE



MISS ANN TODD AND MR. C. V. FRANCE



MISS NORA SWINBURNE AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE

This Paramount talkie of Mr. Michael Arlen's play is pronounced, and very rightly, the best film that has yet been made in Great Britain, and this verdict was endorsed when it was shown at the Plaza when it opened on July 24. Both the author and the producing company are extremely lucky to have such a tremendously strong cast to put the story over, and it would have been next door to impossible to envisage failure. The adaptation is most expertly done by Mr. Hugh Percival, and both his and the producer's efforts are backed by first-class photography

## UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT HURST PARK RACES: MR. A. B. BRISCOE  
AND LADY DOROTHY FRASER



AT THE CAWDOR FÊTE: LADY  
CAWDOR AND LADY MORAY



AT THE SINNINGTON PUPPY SHOW: LORD  
FEVERSHAM AND MRS. P. C. SHERBROOKE



WITH THE NORTHERN COUNTIES OTTER HOUNDS: CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. CLENNELL,  
MR. AND MRS. S. B. REA, AND MR. B. CLAYHILLS



WHAT WAS THE GOING LIKE? JOE  
CHILDS AND LORD HAREWOOD AT HURST

The going at the recent Hurst Park meeting on one of the twenty-five out of twenty-nine wet week-ends was described officially as "yielding." Even if we had not known this, it would have been easy to surmise after looking at Joe Childs' picture, but he did not collect all that mud riding Frosty Bill on which he won the Bushey seller as he was pretty well in the front rank all the way. Lady Dorothy Fraser, the wife of Sir Keith Fraser, the well-known owner, who is in the other Hurst picture, is an aunt of the present Lord Coventry, and no one knows more than she does about crossing Leicestershire in the wake of a pack of hounds. Lord Feversham is the new Joint Master of the Sinnington whose country is such a dream of a place over which to hunt. The late Mr. P. C. Sherbrooke, whose widow is in the picture, was a very famous Master of this historic old pack, one of the oldest in the hound list. Lady Cawdor and Lady Moray were at Cawdor Castle for the Moray and Nairn Unionist Fête which Lady Cawdor opened. The Northern Counties otter hounds were at Lesbury, Northumberland, when the picture was taken. They hunt the lower reaches of the River Aln



*Cecil Beaton***MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER AND MRS. EDWARD COMPTON**

A charming portrait study of two popular sisters, the daughters of Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld. Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger is the elder, but Mrs. Edward Compton was married first. She may one day be Lady Northampton, as Mr. Compton is heir presumptive to Lord Northampton, who is his cousin. Baron Emile d'Erlanger's daughter-in-law has great organizing abilities among her other accomplishments, and many charity balls have owed their success to her active brain.

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

THE question "What is a gentleman?" is so often asked and answered in so many different ways that I think it would be wrong of anyone who has heard a new answer to withhold it, especially as this one seems to me to be quite novel. In describing some mortificer's assistants, known to some of us as "mutes," the following remark was made: "They wore black coats and grey striped trousers—they were *almost* gentlemen in fact"—a case of the little more and how much it is, and the little less and what worlds away!

Not having any personal down on the rhinoceros, I listened to the impassioned wireless appeal from "Mount Snowden" made on his behalf with a completely open mind. The gentleman who made this appeal, asking us to treat the rhino with a greater measure of kindness and consideration, had just come back from Africa and other furrin parts—China and so forth—where he had been diligently counting these interesting pachyderms ("ch" *pron.* as in Charlie Chaplin and *not* as in Bach), and so far as I could make out, must have put the stencils on them. He told us that the rhinoceros was fast going out of business chiefly owing to the Chinaman, who is firmly convinced that powdered rhinoceros horn has the same effect as monkey gland, and that unless we bring in an International regulation, which makes the capture of this charming beast a dashed sight more dangerous than it is at the moment we are going to lose him. This would be very sad. And yet, we have survived the loss of the ichthyosaurus, the sabre-toothed tiger, the man-eating brontosaurus, the bat-eared mastodon, the giant sloth, and many other things like that belonging, as this famous rhinoc

cerist leads us to believe, to about the same period. Our lecturer had tears in his voice when he spoke of his little pet, and even went so far as to suggest that even when the rhino charged he meant no harm, and only did it out of shyness. I suppose "Peter," the Cape buffalo at the Zoo, is suffering from the same complaint? Several times he has nearly made a get-away by charging the bars which are between him and the admiring country cousin who offers him a carrot or a banana. I know nothing personally against the rhinoceros, because not being very fond of running or



Truman Howell

ENGAGED: MR. GERALD LEIGH CLAY AND MISS DUNSILLA FOSTER

Mr. Gerard Clay plays for the Eton Ramblers, Free Foresters, and the South Wales Hunt XI, and is well known with Lady Currie's and Lord Tredegar's Hounds, etc. Miss Foster is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Foster of Westcliff House, Bournemouth



Poole, Dublin

AT THE IRISH OAKS AT THE CURRAGH

A notable group in the stands. On the left Captain Boyd-Rochfort and Mrs. Cecil Stafford, then Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Mrs. More O'Ferrell, and Lord Milton. Lord Milton is the Earl Fitzwilliam's heir, and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is his sister. Mrs. More O'Ferrell is the wife of Mr. Dominic More O'Ferrell of Kildangan Castle, Co. Kildare. She is the mother of the well-known and successful young Irish trainer

tree-climbing I have never visited his haunts, but those who have tell me that from whatever cause, shyness or hysteria, he may charge, he is as bad to stop with a rifle as a tank with prongs on its business end would be, and that even loaded as he is in the shoulder, for about 100 yards he would beat Cameronian or Caerleon. Yet, I suppose one must believe that it would be a shame if the rhino went. How about the King Cobra, the various varieties of crocs, and the weevils? Isn't it about time the R.S.P.C.A. or its Scottish Boy Friend chipped in?

In response to the appeal published in these notes on behalf of Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's Old War Horse in Egypt Fund, a sum of £5 has been received from Mrs. Macqueen Ferguson, and a further sum of £1 from Mrs. E. D. Lawrie. These sums have been forwarded to Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's "Old War Horse Fund," Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., Fleet, Hants.



MacArthur

AT THE 8TH ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS SPORTS

These sports were held during the annual camp at Dunoon, Argyllshire. In the picture are Colonel Iain M. Campbell of Airds, Hon. Colonel of the Battalion, and Lieut.-Colonel Ingham Clarke, Officer Commanding the Battalion



*"I like this—  
it's delicious"*

MARJORIE loves these golden summer days. The sparkling river—the sunshine glinting through cool, green trees—a dainty picnic lunch with a glass of delicious cold "Ovaltine"—can you think of anything more enjoyable?

When you are planning a picnic or any summer meal, either indoors or out, remember that it must be more than light and tempting—it must be nourishing as well. For, although your appetite for food is less during the summer, your need for health-maintaining nourishment remains much the same all the year round.

That is why delicious cold "Ovaltine" should be your daily food-drink during the summer months. In this delightful beverage is contained every food element needed for the creation of energy and the maintenance of health and strength. A glass of cold "Ovaltine" makes the lightest summer meal complete in nutritive value.

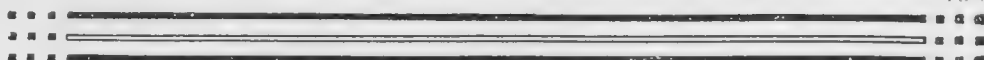


"Ovaltine" is deservedly acknowledged as the best means for promoting Health, Strength and Vitality. It supplies the concentrated nourishment extracted from ripe barley malt, creamy milk, and eggs from our own and selected farms. It is not only rich in food value, but it is also low in price and most economical in use.

It takes only a few moments to prepare cold "Ovaltine." Simply add "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water and mix with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

**'OVALTINE'**  
*The delightful* **COLD** *Summer Drink*

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.





PIXIE AND TRIxie (HELENA PICKARD AND BEATRIX THOMSON)

One of the best British "sister" turns in all England, and it possesses the distinction of being composed of two theatrical manageresses in their own right, the theatre being The Grafton. Helena Pickard in private life is Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke, wife of the famous actor, whose present address is "somewhere in Wimpole Street." Beatrix Thomson is Mrs. Claud Rains, and is as distinguished an actress as her husband is an actor

**M** OSENSTEIN walked into his lawyer's office and announced that he wished to change his name. "Certainly, Mr. Mosenstein," said the lawyer. "but it takes time, you know, and costs money."

The Jew signified that did not matter to him, and stated he wished his new name to be Murphy.

In the course of a few weeks he received a letter, addressed to Isaac Murphy, Esq., announcing that all was well.

A week later he was back in the lawyer's office.

"I want to change my name to Macpherson."

"But you've only just changed it."

"Yes. I know that. I don't care how much it costs. I want to change it again."

"Very well, Mr. Murphy," said the lawyer; "it's unusual, but I can do it for you. But do you mind telling me why you want to make another change?"

"Vell, suppose a man come up to me and say, 'Halloa, Ikey, your name wasn't always Macpherson?' I answer, 'No, it used to be Murphy!'"

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand, madam?" asked the traffic policeman.

"I did not," replied the woman at the wheel.

"Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?"

"I did not."

"Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

**L**ittle Billy had just been told that an angel had brought him a little sister.

"Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor.

"No," said Billy, "but I'd like to have a look at the angel."

**T**he police officer brought the man he had arrested before the magistrate. "What is this man charged with?" he was asked.

"He's a camera-fiend of the worst type, sir," said the constable, "and—"

"But surely," interrupted the magistrate, "you didn't arrest this man simply because he was taking pictures?"

"Oh, no, sir," explained the policeman. "It isn't pictures that he takes—it's cameras!"

**H**ow much do you want for that big dog?" asked the prospective dog owner.

"Five pounds, sir," replied the dealer.

"How much for that small fellow over there, then?"

"Ten pounds."

"And for that very tiny one?"

"Fifteen pounds."

The customer looked puzzled.

"Then how much will it cost me if I don't buy a dog at all?" he asked.

**O**ld Ann Young had been persuaded by the vicar to attend church for the first time in her life. She was given a good seat, and after a while the vicar said from the pulpit, "Now, let old and young stand up and sing."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Ann, as she sailed from the church.



MR. JOE COYNE AND MISS URSULA JEANS IN "APRON STRINGS"

The excellent farce at the Vaudeville, which is all about a young man (Mr. Kenneth Kove) who tries to make love to a modern wench (Miss Ursula Jeans) on a set plan worked out in letter form by his defunct and Victorian mother. Mr. Joe Coyne plays Ezra Hunniwell, the friend of both sides, and enjoys his job immensely



"THE SKETCH" says:—

"Eternally youthful in contour and complexion is the woman who uses the Ganesh Beauty Preparations of Eleanor Adair."

# Restore and Retain Youthful Beauty

If you wish to look your best try the invigorating help of Eleanor Adair's Beauty Treatment and Preparations. They are unrivalled in the Beauty Culture World. The personality of each client is studied—very Special attention is given to the treatment of different skins which reflects and enhances the personal charm.

## Treatment for Chin and Neck

The neck should be a worthy pivot to a woman's classic contour. Here the first signs of age become manifest. Eleanor Adair has perfected a new Manipulative Treatment for the chin and neck which vibrates with life, tones and flushes the blood cells, smooths out lines and hollows, corrects too generous outlines and results in a graceful swan-like appearance to the neck.

## Treatment for Tired, Lined Eyes

In this treatment the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandalettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied; while these are still moist with special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with magic healing effect. Expert assistants for this "Special Treatment" are now in daily attendance at 30, Old Bond Street.

## AUGUST REDUCTION

Following her usual practice Eleanor Adair will make a 10% reduction of all Treatments and Preparations during the month of August only.

# 10%

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Hague:

Hotel des Indes



## The Renowned Adair Ganesh Chin Strap

Keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins.

10/6, 15/6 & 21/6

### EASTERN MUSCLE OIL

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

5/6, 10/6 & 21/6

### DIABLE SKIN TONIC

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of the finest texture.

5/6, 7/6, 10/6 & 21/6

### GANESH LILY LOTION

Is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it look soft and fair; it prevents Sunburn, Freckles and irritation of the skin, and is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder.

5/6, 7/6 & 10/6

### GANESH POWDER

An artistry of original shades to suit all skins. Guaranteed free from any injurious ingredients. From

2/- to 12/6

### GANESH DARA

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors.

10/6

### GANESH BANDALETTES

Will remove lines and the jaded appearance from the eyes. Most soothing and restful. Box containing dozen,

10/6

### GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD

Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins.

2/6 & 6/6

### GANESH CLEANSING CREAM

For thoroughly cleansing the skin. Invaluable for motoring or when travelling.

2/6, 6/6 & 8/6

### GANESH REDUCING SALTINA

This wonderful preparation will reduce the most obstinate cases of obesity. It removes all foreign and impure matter from the pores of the skin. Also excellent for Rheumatism. Price 1/3 per box (a box is required for each bath) or 12/- per dozen boxes.

*Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.*

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✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.



AT THE SINNINGTON PUPPY SHOW: MRS. GORDON FOSTER AND LADY GRIMTHORPE

At the Sinnington Kennels at Kirby Moorside. Major Gordon Foster is the senior Master of this beautiful pack of hounds, Lord Feversham joining him this season. Lord Grimthorpe was formerly Joint Master with Colonel "Peach" Borwick of the Middleton, the next door neighbours of the Sinnington

anchors" ready to be dropped at any moment when a dangerous cross seems to be threatening. Last year we had forty-one playing days in London. This year we may have beaten that record by half a day; but not much more. And then, when we get laid out cold by our friends the Yankees, we find "Civis Britannicus," "Indignant Father," "Materfamilias," and a whole lot more writing to the papers and saying: "What the Hades is the matter with British polo?" and so forth. You cannot put a lid on a polo ground the same as you can on a cricket pitch or the Centre Court at Wimbledon, and the golfist can get along with his job more or less even if it is raining stair-roads, but what a hope the poloist has when Jupe gets busy with the watering pots!

As to the average price paid for The Hurricane's ponies, concerning which a correspondent wrote last week, I should not be surprised to be told that it was a four-figure one. Some recently-published prices suggest this. Some of

## POLO NOTES: By "SERREFILE"

The tally of fine week - ends this year at the time these notes go to press is twenty-five wet ones out of twenty-nine. Is it, therefore, in any way remarkable that we find those who follow the sea as a profession are making such rapid strides in the game? It has been bad enough these last two seasons to encourage one to suggest that polo ponies should have floats like seaplanes rigged port and star-board, and things called "sea

these figures are: Judy, 2,700 guineas, Weymouth, 1,350 guineas, Late Night, 1,600 guineas, Gama, £2,020, White Slave, 2,600 guineas, and Jupiter, 4,400 guineas. Jupiter's price is held to be the record. The whole of Mr. Sanford's string are International class, and when he takes these ponies back to America this 'fall' they will remain there, as he is not intending to run The Hurricanes' team in England any more. Presumably this does not mean the same thing as that Mr. Sanford is saying good-bye to polo in England, but merely that he is not continuing the English edition of his Hurricanes' team. This team first won the Championship over here in 1927, and they won again in 1928. In 1929, El Gordo beat them, but they won in 1930, only to end their career in 1931 with this quite memorable defeat by Merchiston. Mr. Sanford also has done much personally in the way of aiding us whenever an International team has been in process of preparation, and in either his team, or in any other, has nobly borne a hand.

The second volume of the Royal Naval Polo Association "Year Book" has been sent to me by the hon. secretary, Lieut.-Commander C. E. Lambe, R.N., and discloses a most satisfactory state of affairs. When the first volume came out, last year, there were only 234 members; now there are 348, and the Association has the nice little nest-egg of £1,100 in its bank, and this after a vote of £500 last year towards reducing the cost of polo to young naval officers. All snotties and cadets get in free. This is an excellent thing, and is bound to make for additional enthusiasm, not that I have ever found that any sailor has ever needed any encouragement to take part in any form of sport in which a horse bears a part. This is understandable, because nice as the green and heaving ocean is, even if you are serving in a floating palace like H.M.S. *Last Word*, aboard of which I had a few friends during the war, you do long for a chance to get ashore and stretch your legs. It is quite unnecessary to stress the matter of polo keenness in the Navy, and anyone who saw "The Bluejackets" in action last season and this will not need to be told anything about the fine progress they have made. It was a catastrophe their team getting disorganized by Lord Louis Mountbatten's bad fall. If they had got into the final of the Inter-Regimental, the "house-full" boards would have had to be put up at Hurlingham, for I am certain that every ship on the home stations would have sent very strong landing parties and the Lower deck would have

been as much in evidence as the Upper one. This "Year Book" must be most helpful to every polo-playing naval officer, because other things apart, it gives him the most ample and detailed information as to the clubs and the facilities for play in every part of the globe in which he may find himself. My felicitations to the hon. editor, Lieut.-Commander T. O. C. Flowden, and all those who have aided and abetted in making it the comprehensive publication which it is. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Vice-President of the R.N.P.A., has written a most interesting report, and refers to the success achieved by having representatives in every port and of the value of exchanging information. All the hirelings on The Rock, and what you ought to pay are listed.



AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

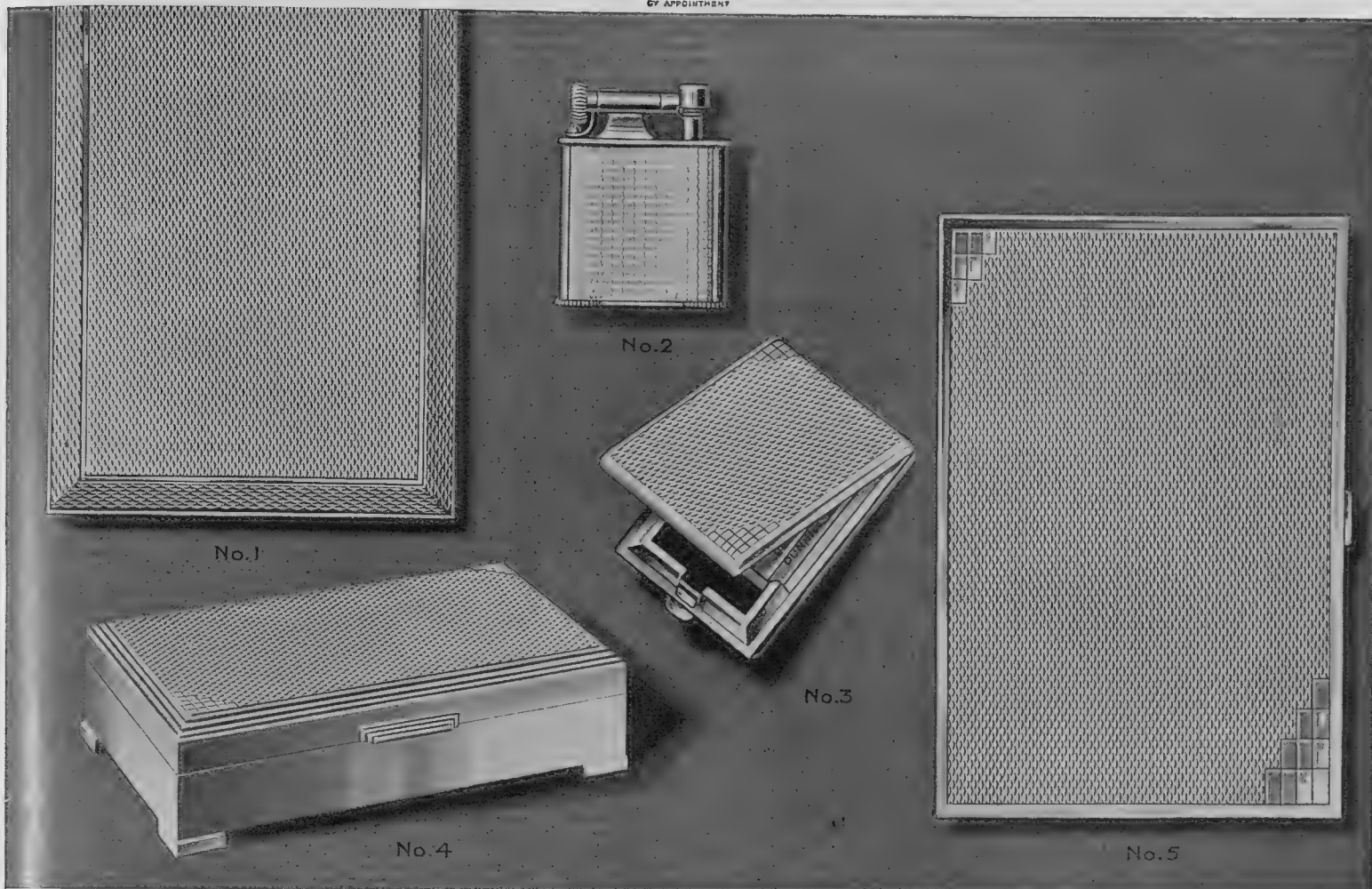
A group of well-known people at Norton on the day the ladies had a match, Melton, whose No. 1 and No. 2 are in the picture, taking on a local side. In the group are Major "Rattle" Barrett, who was umpiring, Captain L. H. C. Shedden, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, Captain Maurice Kingscote, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, Major T. J. Longworth, who at last is out and about again after his very serious accident and is the hon. sec. of the B.H.P.C., and Mr. Gerald Balding, who played back for the Melton ladies

W. Dennis Moss





BY APPOINTMENT



1. Engine-turned Cigarette Case with patent slide action opening.

| Size,                                | Sterling Silver | 9 carat Gold |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$   | £2 12 6         | £16 0 0      |
| " $4\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ | £3 12 6         | £20 0 0      |
| " $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ | £4 10 0         | £23 10 0     |
| " $5 \times 3\frac{1}{4}$            | £5 0 0          | £26 0 0      |

2. Sterling Silver engine-turned Pocket Lighter - - - - £1 18 6  
Or 9 carat Gold - - - - £10 0 0

3. Sterling Silver engine-turned Tear-off Match Case - £0 16 6  
In 9 carat Gold - £5 0 0

### Distinctive Presents for Men

To-day's jewellery for men, distinctive without being in the least ostentatious, is well exemplified by this small selection from the stock of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. These pieces are but a few from the vast range available at 112 Regent Street—a range that probably offers a width of choice that is rarely seen elsewhere. And it is worth bearing in mind that present prices are much lower than have been possible for many years. A booklet, "Gifts for Men," will gladly be sent on request.

4. Sterling Silver Cigarette Box with engine-turned lid, lined cedar.

|  |         |        |
|--|---------|--------|
| Size, $6\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$ | - - - - | £4 5 0 |
| " $6\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$     | - - - - | £5 5 0 |
| " $6 \times 4\frac{1}{8}$                | - - - - | £6 0 0 |

5. Engine-turned Cigarette Case.

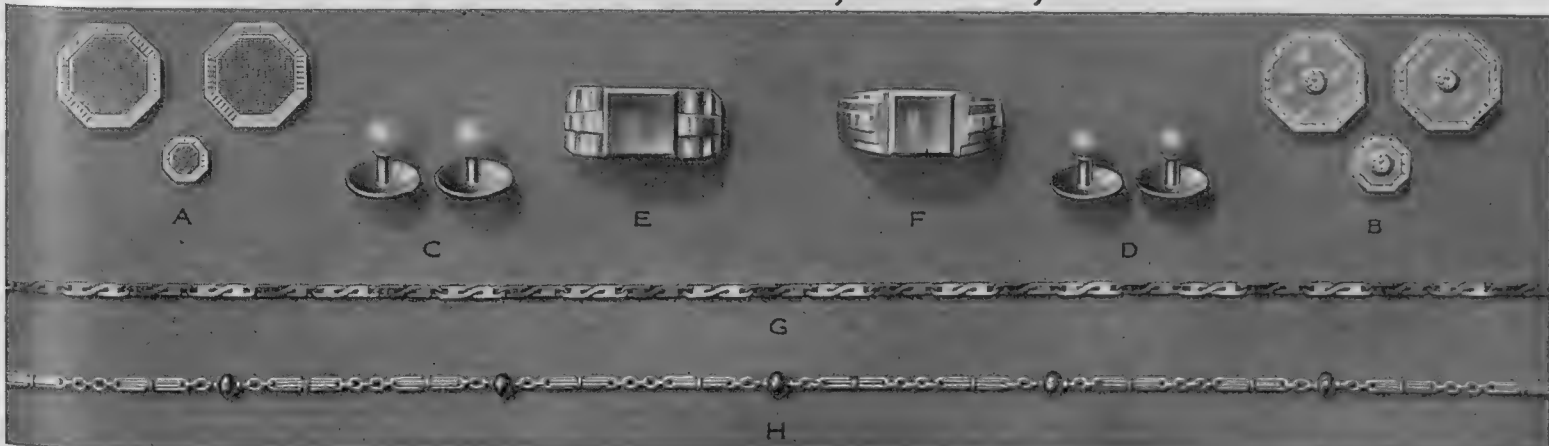
| Size,                                | Sterling Silver | 9 carat Gold |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$   | £1 17 6         | £10 0 0      |
| " $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ | £2 2 0          | £12 10 0     |
| " $4\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ | £2 15 0         | £18 0 0      |
| " $5 \times 3\frac{1}{4}$            | £3 10 0         | £26 0 0      |

## The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY Ltd

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A. Platinum and 18 carat gold links per pair £4 12 6  
Four buttons - £4 12 6  
Two studs - £1 5 0

G. Pearl studs per pair - £22 0 0

E. Platinum and 18 carat gold Signet Ring £8 10 0

F. Lapis-lazuli and platinum Signet Ring £22 10 0

D. Pearl studs per pair - £8 15 0

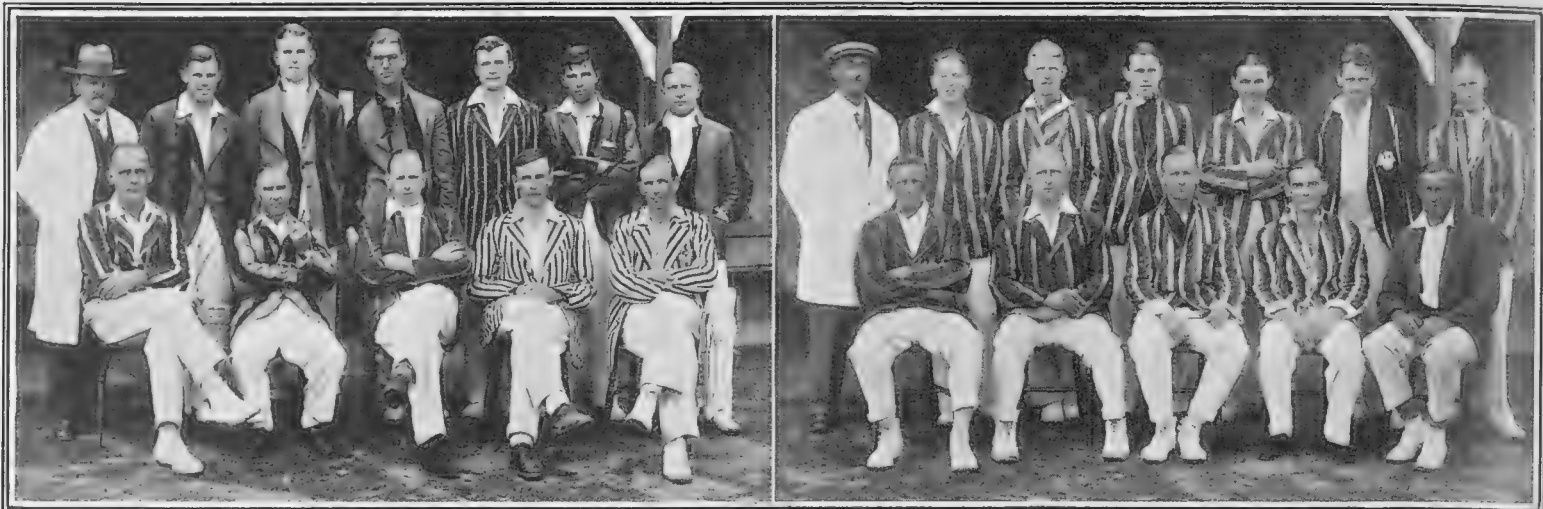
B. Mother of Pearl, diamond, platinum and 18 carat white gold links per pair £6 5 0  
Four buttons - £6 5 0  
Two studs - £3 7 6

G. Platinum and 18 carat gold Albert £6 10 0

H. Platinum and Sapphire bead Albert £8 15 0

# PETROL VAPOUR :

By  
W. G. ASTON.



THE CHARTERHOUSE FRIARS

v.

THE OLD TONBRIDGIANS

R. S. Crisp

The names, left to right, are: Standing—Mounsey (umpire), R. G. Dyson, J. H. G. Gilliat, C. Middleton, G. H. Carmichael, P. M. Dyson, J. C. Connell. Sitting—R. L. L. Braddell, A. W. Goodfellow, A. N. Morgan (captain), R. L. Arrowsmith (hon. secretary), T. A. Pearce

The names, left to right, are: Standing—Luff (umpire), Wills Rust, Ben Fawcett, W. C. N. Brice, R. F. Cox, J. G. W. Davies, C. T. Orton. Sitting—O. L. Young, N. Boucher, C. H. Knott, M. W. Smith, C. K. Douglas (captain)

These two teams composed of old boys of the two schools concerned played on the Tonbridge School ground

## To be Noted.

IT has always been my confident belief that not one per cent. of the people who play bridge, golf, and the generality of other games properly know the rules which have been drawn up to govern their conduct; and in like manner I am certain that the vast majority of motorists is very largely ignorant of the laws which apply to their particular case. This is especially so since the coming into force of the Roads Traffic Act and the Use and Construction Regulations which, between them, cover a multitude of new points. Therefore the car-owner is well advised who provides himself with one, or both, of the guides to the legal situation which have been prepared by the Royal Automobile Club and by the Automobile Association and are available at modest cost. But perhaps the ordinary motorist cannot be blamed for not knowing all the ropes, seeing that it is not so long since quite several manufacturers were furnishing him with, strictly speaking, illegal cars. They had a brake system (which, incidentally, is perfectly sound and desirable) wherein the same set of shoes was worked alternatively by lever or by pedal. This is now officially sanctioned and quite time that it was, too; but seven months ago a man could be fined for using a car so fitted. Then, although the law in regard to this matter has been in existence for the same period, it is only recently that folks have awakened to the fact that their driving licences have got to carry the owner's signature. Quite a long time ago I ventured to point out that there were certain unpleasant possibilities in the clause of the Use, etc., Regulations which relates to the condition of one's tyres. Now I am glad to see that some of the enterprising "dailies" have got wise to this fact, and are very rightly issuing a warning. The clause in question is couched in very broad terms, and lays down heavy penalties for those who run on tyres which are liable to cause damage to the road or danger to any person either on the vehicle or on the road. Needless to say, you can be charged, and convicted too, of exposing your own sweet self to danger. Who is to decide whether or no any given tyre is "dangerous" I do not pretend to know. An officious policeman might easily be able to make out a case against a half-worn tread in combination with some of our ultra-modern road surfaces. And I suppose that if an accident happens as the result of a skid, and that skid is the result of a burst, the skidding party is liable to serious consequences. No doubt the insurance companies will thrash this knotty matter out when

the inevitable test case comes along. I was reminded of all this the other day when I glanced at the Dunlops on the back wheels of my trusty Armstrong. They were both worn right down to the last layer of canvas, and it was obvious enough that they could not go much farther. I asked myself seriously whether I was making myself amenable to the law by running them in this condition, but I was in a dooce of a hurry, and decided to take the chance of giving them one last journey. It is a lamentable fact that upon that journey both burst good and proper, and within two miles. There's consistency for you! Fortunately (for any burst with a big diameter tyre is always unpleasant) I was in neither case doing any speed. But, supposing there had been a spot of trouble, could not these exhausted covers have been brought up in evidence against me? I don't like asking for free legal advice, but perhaps someone who really knows would offer a little enlightenment. Meanwhile one thing did strike me very forcibly and that is the observation and the kindness of the Londoner. Since I carry only one spare wheel I was compelled to do about a mile on the rim. Within that distance numerous pedestrians, cyclists, and 'bus drivers, who easily passed me since I was crawling at about two miles an hour, courteously informed me that my tyre was flat. I, in turn, courteously thanked them for the hint—at least I was nice to the first few, but five minutes or so of this damnable reiteration was too much for my manners, and the last informative gent must have been quite shocked at my ingratitude. Truth to tell, he was jolly lucky not to get his ears boxed for no fault of his own. But you know how you feel on a hot morning, when you have started a bit late, have had to mess about with a jack, and review your chain of important appointments reduced to a jumble of broken links.

## More Trouble.

I seem to be getting it a trifle in the neck just lately. Because I audaciously criticized railway carriage design I got severely swiped by an Esher gentleman, and now I get knocked by a medical man of Morecambe because I have asserted a sneaking regard for the idea of putting the engine at the back of the car. Curiously enough, they have one view in common in their advocacy respectively of heavy rolling stock and engine in front. This is the fear of the effects of collision. Now I should have thought that collision was primarily a thing to be avoided and, secondarily, to be cured, as far as possible, by scientifically designed buffers. Now the

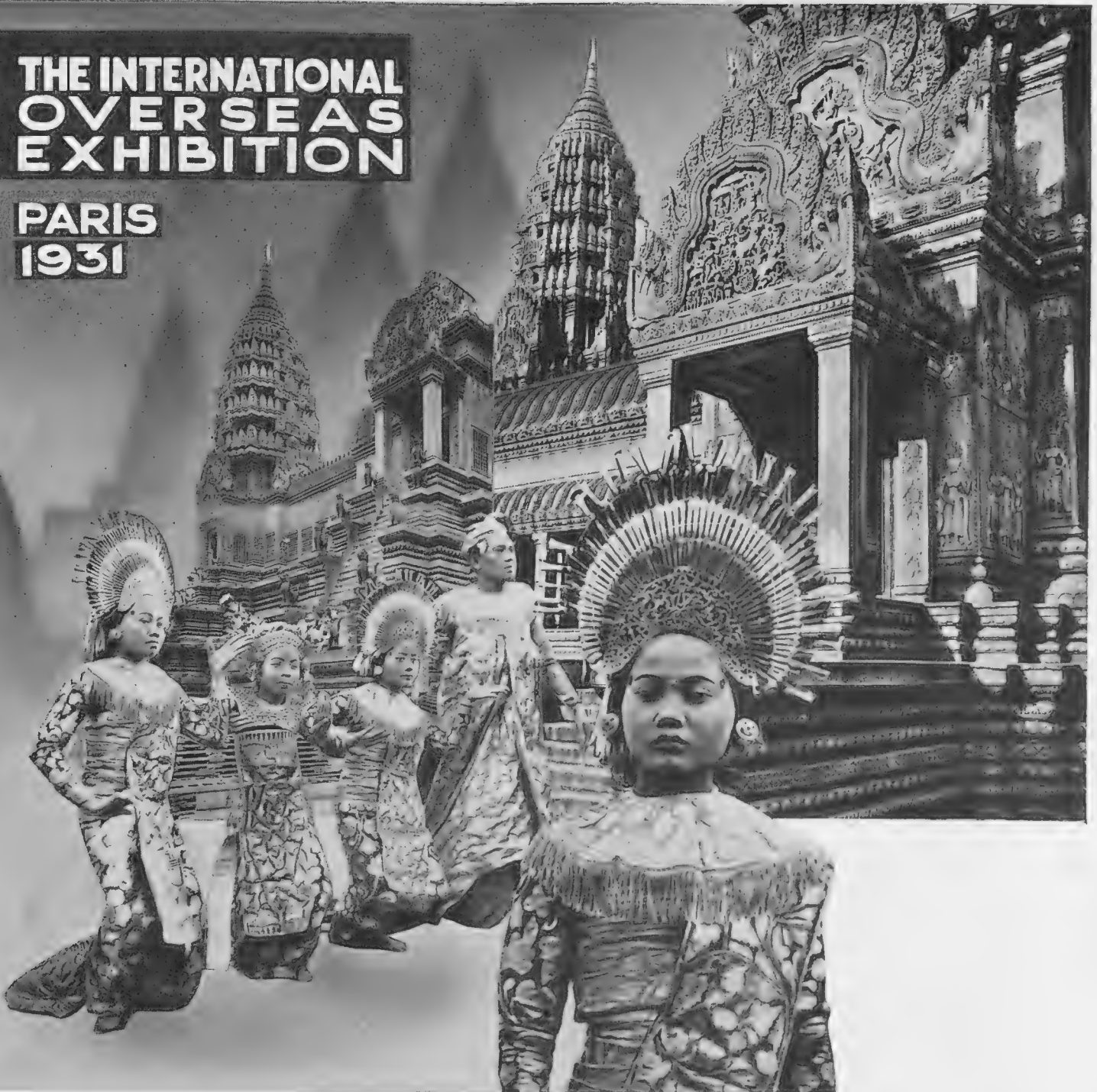
(Continued on p. vi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



# THE INTERNATIONAL OVERSEAS EXHIBITION

PARIS  
1931



## *On the Road to Mandalay . . .*

### EVENTS IN AUGUST.

CONCERT.—Band of the Royal Grenadier Guards.

NAUTICAL FÊTE.—At night on the Lake.

ATHLETIC FÊTE.—Native Contests—Africans, Senegalese, Malgaches, etc.

GRAND FANTASIA.—Gymkhana with the Spahis Regiments.

NIGHT FÊTE.—Firework Display.

FÊTE.—Colonial Cyclists' Races.

WEST INDIAN DAY.—Celebration of the Old Colonies.

WEST INDIAN NIGHT.—Music and Dances of the Old Colonies.

sang Kipling. And the well-known words echo in your heart as you find yourself in the midst of exotic surroundings that might be the setting of the romance he pictured.

You, too, hear "the East a-callin'" like the nostalgic British soldier, but you do not have to "ship somewheres east of Suez" for "the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple bells." You will find them here in Europe—just as they are in the glamorous Orient . . . at the great International Colonial Exhibition in Paris.

Here, you can sit in the shade of a pagoda, hear temple bells ringing, wander in eastern markets, watch lithe, lovely yellow girls dance in a native ballet . . .

The many eastern exhibits are only part of the immense collection of reproductions at the Exhibition. And then, have you ever

been to Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, the French West Indies, New Hebrides, Guiana? All these and many other places are superbly reproduced at Vincennes and are amazing millions of visitors.

Most people are spending the whole of their holidays in France to visit this colonial cosmos day after day. Many are including a trip to the Exhibition in their holiday plans. If you have not arranged this trip as part of your vacation, then run over to Paris for a week-end—you will be able to see a great deal of this magnificent spectacle. Besides the famed French cuisine, you can taste exotic foods, see unusual sights, learn many interesting facts of France's great colonies, and revel in the glamorous mystery which is the East.

All travel bureaux will give you full information. The Exhibition is open until October.

*Dorland*

# THE FORGOTTEN GARDEN

By PERI COTGRAVE

YES, it is a curious old ring. I acquired it many years ago while on a solitary walking tour in Italy.

Chance, and an imperfect knowledge of the country, had benighted me in a little mountain village far off the beaten track. There was nothing of any particular interest about the place; it was just like thousands of others, picturesque from the distance and exceedingly dirty near to. It lay in a cleft of the mountains, and behind it were two curious pointed hills about half a mile apart. On one stood a particularly fine old castle, and on the other what appeared to be a walled cemetery with cypress trees rising above the walls.

After an extremely disturbed night—as is not uncommon in Italian inns—I went up to see the castle. It was uninhabited, except for an ancient and somewhat morose care-taker. A few lire rendered him more kindly disposed towards me, and by the time I had been through most of the desolate, time-blurred rooms I had gathered quite a lot of information regarding the castle and its owners.

It had not been inhabited since the death of an owner nearly a hundred years before. He had left no heir, and the property passed into the hands of distant relations who seldom came there, and then only for a day or two. The care-taker had lived there all his life and his father before him.

The day was cold and damp and the next village a considerable distance away, so I decided to endure another night of activity.

The care-taker came down to the inn that evening, and over some quite passable local wine I learnt still more about the late owner of the castle.

He had been a charming man, Lancari by name, adored by all the peasants, who did not, however, extend the same affection to his constant companion and bosom friend, one Dorio. While on a visit to Rome Lancari married. His wife was very beautiful, but the people did not like her. Her woman gossiped, and the substance was that Dorio and the wife had been more than friends before the marriage. This was borne out by the fact that they were constantly together, but Lancari never appeared to notice anything wrong.

On the hill opposite the castle Lancari had a walled garden built for his wife. No pains were spared to make it beautiful, and the only outside person allowed access was the gardener, the old care-taker's father. In this garden Lancari spent many hours with his bride.

One day, a year or so after his marriage, Lancari received an urgent message from an old friend, calling him away upon a matter of great importance. Night was falling when he returned, having found that the message was faked. A few miles from the castle he met his wife's maid, riding, and laden with her belongings. She was very alarmed and tried to escape. When caught she admitted that Dorio and the wife were running away together and were not far behind her.

Lancari was as one possessed, and spurred on alone, and his followers saw him no more until day was breaking. He returned haggard, dishevelled, and bleeding from a sword wound. No one dared question him, but it was clear that he had encountered the runaways and had been worsted in the ensuing encounter. Papers were found in his wife's room which proved that she had been Dorio's mistress for a long time, and had only married so as to be near him.

Three days went by, and it seemed that the double betrayal had unhinged Lancari's mind. He would pace the room for hours and then rush outside wildly, only to return almost immediately.

On the fourth day he went alone to his little hill garden. None dared follow him, his state of mind being such that he would have killed anyone who intruded on his grief. On his return all were shocked by his appearance. He staggered like a drunken man, and his face was ghastly. He called for the mason, and ordered the garden gate to be bricked up. He stood by the while and put a curse on anyone who dared enter the place. When it was finished he went to his room, where later the servants found him—dead. He had poisoned himself, and in his hand he held a miniature of the faithless wife without whom he did not care to live.

"And has no one ever been in the garden since then?" I asked.

The old man shook his head.

"Who would risk such a curse?"

When I was in bed that night I could not forget his story. It was only the old, old tale of three; but the circumstances intrigued me. I wondered whether Dorio and the woman had had ever heard of Lancari's death; where they had gone, and what sort of a life they had led together. Also I had a strange desire to see the walled garden.

Sleep was a long time coming to me, and then it was full of confused dreams about the people whose story I had heard. Curiously vivid they seemed. Lancari, big and swarthy, simple and easy-going, but terrible when aroused. Dorio, big also, but slighter, and furtively handsome, with red-brown hair and eyes. The wife, sensuously beautiful, blue-eyed and gold of hair. Glimpses of their drama came to me, and over and through all an overwhelming atmosphere of horror.

I woke with a start just as it was getting light. Against the grey morning sky I could see the outlines of Lancari's love garden, with the pointing cypress trees. A cool wind came to me, and I remembered my dreams. I dressed hurriedly and crept out.

In less than a quarter-of-an-hour I reached the garden. Thick scrub grew at the foot of the walls, and they were heavily overgrown with creepers. I tested them and swung myself to the top, where I sat and looked into the place no human being had entered for so long.

It was a wilderness. Masses of red, yellow, and white roses hung from the shadowing cypress trees; jasmine and wisteria smothered the walls, and below violets, hyacinths, and narcissi fought up through the choking mass of convolvulus and a thousand other weeds. In the centre stood a marble fountain, the basin dry and cracked, and beyond a statue almost overgrown. Wild pomegranates had seeded in the walls, and by one of these I let myself down. Pushing my way through the tangle I began clearing the statue. It was of a satyr, and the face bore a most evil and repulsive expression.

As the sun rose above the walls I saw that what I had previously taken for a mass of foliage was a small trellised stone summer house. Long strands of creeper hung over the doorway. Pushing these aside I went in. It was dank, and so dark after the sunshine that for a few moments I could distinguish nothing. When my eyes accustomed themselves to the green gloom, I saw before me something that made me crash out through the creepers and stand staring fearfully at the swaying living curtain, ready to spring away should the half-glimpsed horror come out upon me. After a few shuddering moments I tore down the creepers so that the light streamed in.

A large stone chair stood in the summer house, and in it sat something that had once been a woman. She had been tied there with bands of some material, now mouldered and rotten. She had struggled, for the pitiful heap lay sideways in the great chair. A quantity of fair hair still clung to the mildewed and greenish skull, and trailed soddenly over the rags of a rich brocaded dress. At the foot of the chair a larger skeleton sprawled face downwards, and by it lay the rusted remains of a broken sword. I bent over it and saw that the hair had been red.

I realized that I had stumbled on an answer to all my questions. How Lancari had surprised the lovers, fought and killed Dorio, and in the first madness of fury had tied his wife in the chair, leaving her, the living with the dead, to perish slowly; and then, unable to keep away, he had returned to find her dead. The horror of that scene! And the wretched woman—how long had she taken to die? What thoughts had been hers? What sufferings?

Turning from the pathetic dead I looked across the ruined garden. The sunlight emphasized the desolation and lent it again some of its old glory. Over the many-coloured tangle the satyr leered mockingly, as he had done long ago at the wretched woman as she struggled and prayed for death. I hoped that it was not long before the cool, merciful darkness came to her.

As I looked for the last time, I saw something glitter on the bones that had been Dorio. It was this ring!





## For the "Twelfth" —and every day of the year

The glorious "Twelfth" will soon be upon us, and let us hope the grouse is strong on the wing.

The weather may be perfect—BUT—be prepared.

The Valstar Weathercoat is designed by experts to avoid the handicap usually associated with shooting in a coat. Cut on generous lines, its special "pivot" sleeves enable the gun to "come up" with perfect ease and freedom, and without a suspicion of "drag." Its two-way pocket permits cartridges to be carried dry and got at with a minimum of trouble.

Light to wear or carry, its self-ventilating cloth allows the air to penetrate, and keeps one cool when the going is heavy on the heather when changing butts and gives perfect weather protection throughout the day.

Ask for the Shooting Valstar with the pivot sleeves when ordering.

*Valstars for Men can be obtained from 73/6*

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# Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

## HOLIDAY GOLF

I HAVE just had a conversation with an earnest young golfer about to set forth on a golfing holiday. Here was I thinking of writing a frivolous article on holiday golf as a means purely of enjoying yourself. It appears that I am wrong. Holiday golf has many serious uses for the golf of an aspirant to a place in her county side, with dim distant visions of higher honours yet.

There is much to be learnt, she tells me, when the competition season is over, and you can go out with a carefree mind instead of trying by hook or by crook to get round the course in the least possible number of shots, or to beat somebody in order to survive one more round. I do not think she means to go in for very serious one-club practice. That might be a little too much like hard work. But the holiday golf which she will play, quite wishing to win but not minding if she loses, is to proceed on something like these lines.

There is to be a splendid variety of courses, best inland, some pleasant seaside ones, some possibly of a mongrel character where the scenery will be more than the golf and the opponents not of the fiercest. In the variety and strangeness of some of the courses lies the education of judging fresh distances. Caddies may be ignorant of the length which the modern lady hits the ball, or rounds in the north of Scotland may be played after dinner without caddies available. Here is education indeed in self-reliance, the backing of personal judgment as to length and type of shot to be played—things we might acquire voluntarily if we would, playing with a caddy at any time, but which are forced upon us in those delicious long evenings north of the Tweed. Then when the fierce light of battle and publicity is no longer on us, nor the urgent necessity of getting the ball near the hole somehow, we can play the right shot, we can pitch boldly over that bunker with hope of a birdie instead of scuffling safely but ignominiously to the left content with the par figure. We can go out for the carry just a little bit beyond our powers, reckless of the possibility of being caught, whereas in competition golf we might be tempted to play short. We can determine that the 16th is no more than a No. 3 even against the wind, although if we were playing a championship we should be much inclined to think a 2 the safer club. We shall, in fact, play with a little more abandon, and in that abandon discover all sorts of possibilities in our own game that have lain unsuspected whilst we were busy over the serious pursuit of cups and medals and the scalp of our opposite numbers in county teams during the real season.

There is another virtue in holiday golf, and that is four-somes with strange partners. Strange may be the right adjective in many senses. There is nothing better for you than to be

plunged into the depths of the deepest dune, whirled away into the heather, given shots of unaccustomed length, direction, and everything else. One wild partner may supply a whole encyclopædia of golfing education in shorter time than it takes to write. There are also apt to be school-boys and girls whose holidays will be completely made by the honour of partnering Miss Somebody or other who does,

or has, or will represent her county, and here again golfing education stares at you out of every tuft of bent. You will be shamed, too, by the easy nonchalance with which these youngsters bang the putts into the hole. Putting is a profoundly simple business when you are too young and too ignorant of the difficulties to have any nerves on the subject. The ease with which the really young golfer so often holes out is enough to make a champion weep. It is apt to be disconcerting because the youngster generally holes out much better than he or she approach putts, with the result that to you, poor nervous weakling of vast experience, are left uncomfortable putts of two to three yards which the slashing young partner expects you to hole and which you yourself know to be extraordinarily missable.

But if you feel the cold eye of scorn upon you on the green, or at best a lack of appreciation when you are putting really perfectly, it must be a very old golfer who will not feel really flattered by youth's admiration of the recoveries you make for them when they have plunged you into the abyss of some awful hazard. Boys and girls alike have an uncomfortable habit when left to their own devices of getting into a bunker and spending the next few minutes indulging in rapid fire which may leave indelible marks on the ball but which fails to extract it from the trouble. To see you descend into the bunker and with one judicious niblick shot emerge again fills the young golfer with envy and admiration and sends you up several pegs in his or her estimation. Incidentally, since you are likely to have a good deal of such adventures, the round will leave you, if poorer in balls, richer in experience, with a store of bunker knowledge which may stand you in good stead when that windy day comes and you, returned to serious golf, are trying to return a respectable score. When you are doing that you may think gratefully of the young partner who showed you the worst that rough and bunkers could do to you. Yes, undoubtedly holiday golf can be highly educational taken the right way.



The Norfolk County team: At back—Miss M. Kerr, Miss Heather Palmes and Mrs. Cross; sitting—Miss J. Forsyth, Mrs. Floyd, Miss V. Kerr, and Miss G. Watts. Norfolk reached the county finals this year



Mrs. Mellor and Miss Pim (right) find a place in the sun. In the Open at Portmarnock Miss Pim beat Miss Fishwick



Mrs. R. O. Porter, who played for England in the contest for the International Shield, with Miss Isabel Worsley, one of Yorkshire's "tigers"



# How to choose a cigarette

Nowadays smokers choose their cigarettes according to the conditions under which they are to be smoked.

For lingering enjoyment, when time is of little account, De Reszke Americans are favoured.

**20 for 1/6**

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For occasions-in-ordinary the choice falls on the standard De Reszke Virginias.

**20 for 1/-**

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And for a "short-time" smoke there are the new D.R. Minors at 10 for 4d. — a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

**20 for 8d.**



**DE RESZKE**  
— of course!

# The Highway of Fashion : By M. E. BROOKE

## Borrowed Plumes.

FASHION is a strange thing; however, she is not nearly so inconsistent as some would have us believe. It is seldom that a nation invents a really new idea; it merely places a modern interpretation on something that was the mode several decades ago. The bowler, the boater, and the tricorne hats that are being so warmly applauded have been borrowed, shall I say, from the headgear of the Second Empire, but they are worn at a totally different angle. Paris is already talking about the plateau and the visor hats; their source of inspiration is likewise the Second Empire.

## The "Impudique" Dress.

Rumour, that is always busy at this season of the year, threatens us with the dress-improver or bustle. The consensus of opinion of those in a position to speak authoritatively is that it will not arrive; there may be soft draperies and bows; women with sufficient imagination may suggest that they are the harbinger of the bustle. In these hygienic days no woman would adopt those tragedies of wire and horsehair of the later 'seventies and early 'eighties. Doubtless the fount of inspiration of many of the autumn dresses will be the frock created in 1861-1867 by Worth, the great man dressmaker who was born in Lincolnshire. He was weary of the crinoline, therefore he decided to remove the material bunched at the waist and invented the gored skirt; it fitted the figure snugly at the waist, nevertheless at the hem it was anything from 7 to 10 yards wide. It was shown to the Empress Eugénie, who declared that it was charming, but that she would not be the first to wear a dress that was to her *impudique* (indecent) or undressed on account of the flat front. In order that the stomach should not be too clearly defined Worth introduced a fringed drapery with floating panels at the sides, and it then became modish.

## The Impudique's Descendant.

How different are the women of to-day to those of the 'sixties; nevertheless there is an evening dress at Debenham and Freebody's that has come hot foot from Paris that is a direct descendant of the impudique frock; it is an example of putting a modern interpretation on an old-time favourite. The dress is composed of shadow lace shading from the palest of pink to the deepest chestnut; it fits the hips perfectly and is over ten

## Frocks of Angel Skin.

Another triumph of the dressmaker's art at Debenham and Freebody's is carried out in snow-white angel skin. It is moulded over the hips and wide at the hem. It is innocent of decoration; doubtless the wearer will add a spray of flowers below the belt. When closely examined it is reminiscent of a jigsaw puzzle so cleverly are the insertions and godets dovetailed. It is seen in conjunction with an Eton coat, the corners of which are weighted with white fur, and bracelets of fur appear on the sleeves. In white, black, and all the fashionable colours, it is 10½ guineas. Robbed of the coat it is suitable for evening wear, while it is just right for garden-party wear with it.

## The Vogue for Embroidery.

Also included in the Parisian collection at Debenham and Freebody's is a white georgette evening dress that plainly shows that bead embroidery may create a youthful atmosphere. The hip yoke is artistically beaded in petal form which is in harmony with the embroidery on the all-round bolero. The godets which spring from the hem and terminate at the hip yoke are likewise in petal form; a black velvet accessory accompanies it. In the hand it appears to be merely a scarf; when it is adjusted it is seen that there is a Marie Antoinette fichu, a small shoulder cape and



Pictures by Blake

*The Burstow Dexter Coat on the left is of triple proofed cloth; it is innocent of rubber, and allows perfect freedom of movement. The tailor suit pictured owes its origin to Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W.; it is built of tweed and the coat is provided with expanding pleats. The entire outfit has passed the censorship of keen sportswomen*

yards wide at the hem, albeit the slender silhouette is maintained with the aid of godets and insertions; instead of a soft drapery in front a spray of flowers springs from the belt on the right side, crosses the stomach, and rests on the left hip, where it is adjusted to suit the figure of the wearer. The scheme is completed with a chestnut-coloured velvet bolero reinforced with a Medici, the entire bolero being lined with lace of the same shade as the absolutely plain corsage with narrow shallow strips.

a cross-over front that comes well down over the hips and is fastened at the back; although the description must sound sophisticated the wrap really is particularly simple and may be arranged in the fraction of a minute. Another very lovely dress is expressed in pale forget-me-not blue and silver broché showing a scroll design; the neck-line is finished with narrow revers and a small panel of gauging appears in the centre of the corsage. The skirt is arranged with a shaped flounce that at the back loses itself in a narrow panel train.

(Continued on p. ii)





Posed by Miss Nora Swinburne.

Photo by Lenore.

TANTIVY II.—A delightful new soft Bowler for Riding or Country wear. Can be folded into a pocket. And also with edge bound Petersham as small sketch. In Black, Brown and Fawn. Other colours to order. Price **35/6**



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THE PRINCE

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**CHEESE & TOMATO PASTE**

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CHEPSTOW PLACE · W.2 :: :: PARK 1200

## FUR-TRIMMED COATS AT SUMMER PRICES



All Fur-trimmed Coats are now being made by Bradleys at Special Summer Prices.

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PARK 1200

A very effective Model, which can be made in Tweeds and other materials, trimmed with Persian Lamb. **21 Gns.**

Or trimmed Grey Squirrel. **20 Gns.**

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## Consider "The Princess."

In Debenham and Freebody's collection there are several black velvet evening gowns that give food for thought as it is evident that they have been inspired by the Princess gowns that Queen Alexandra regarded with favour. It is in the corsage that the original notes have been introduced. In one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* there is absolutely no back, the skirt being supported by two narrow bands that pass over the shoulders; on one lightly rests a spray of gardenias. In front the dress is apparently moulded to the figure; the godets and other similar devices prevent the movements of the wearer being handicapped; while that undefinable quality line is responsible for the slimming effect. Another frock has the back of the corsage cut in a V at the base of which appear two large chrysanthemums. In another model a flounce, that to some may suggest a bustle, takes the place of the chrysanthemums. It is about 8 in. deep.

## Coat Frocks that are Different.

It must not be imagined that daytime frocks have been neglected at Debenham and Freebody's, as the cream of the Parisian collections is represented. There is a black georgette frock that would be an appropriate complement for a silver fox stole. A novel note is struck by the vest and cuffs, which are of georgette decorated with narrow lace frills and panels of miniature beads; the revers are cut square. It really is a gilt-edged investment, as it will remain undated indefinitely. Another frock that is sure to meet with success is expressed in aubalya with a diagonal weave; the skirt is cut on the cross, and the corsage fastens with two large bone buttons placed diagonally to harmonize with the weave of the fabricating medium; the *clou* of the whole creation is in the cape; the belt, which is of the same material as the dress, is attached to the cape at the back, but in front it is of patent leather. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a neat coat frock for 7½ guineas; it is carried out in one of the new woollen fabrics with a tweed pattern, the collar rever and cuffs are of white angel skin — note there is only one rever.

## For Immediate Wear.

Well-dressed women are unanimous in their opinion that Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., have an unusual flair for fashion; indeed they are almost clairvoyant. Forwear during the coming months all and sundry are seeking tailor-mades that are practical, smart, and inexpensive. The models on this page fulfil these requirements in a highly satisfactory manner. The cardigan suit on the left is made of a new fabric known by the name of boucle tweed. It is made in five sizes, and although there are suspended pockets and a narrow belt the cost

is 89s. By the way, it is available in mixtures of green, brown, blue, and red. The admirably tailored coat and skirt on the right is carried out in West of England check; the coat is lined with crêpe de chine, and the cost is £6 6s. It is obtainable in a variety of other checks and over checks.

## Grenatone Silk Stockings.

All women of discernment will be delighted with I. and R. Morley's Grenatone stockings. They are made of Grenatone twist silk specially prepared to produce a lasting dull finish; it combines fineness with the utmost strength and durability, and a minimum risk of ladders and drags. Furthermore, they have the new Cuban heel and neat openwork lace clox. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that they are 6s. 11d.

per pair and are sold practically everywhere. Then they have a decidedly slimming effect on the leg.

## Harmony 'twixt Hat and Hair.

Although the new hats are perfectly charming they necessitate a different way of arranging the hair, as it must never be flat on the left side; clusters of curls give the much to be desired smartness. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., have given much thought to the creation of "aids" that the world in general will fondly imagine are Nature's handiwork. They may be adjusted in a fraction of a second, and do not crush or have any deleterious effect on the permanently waved hair beneath. Should the wearer's own hair be suitable it may be permanently curled in these salons.

## Coiffures for Sports.

Emile considers that the hair should be dressed to suit various sports and occasions, of course he would create postiches. For riding he advocates flat waves which may go under the bowler with tiny curls at the sides to soften the line round the face, and a flat plait at the back which shows beneath the bowler. Then for the beach and swimming there should be tiny curls all over the head; they are known by the name of "Californians" and look very youthful and boyish. For golf the waves must be set close to the temples, as the hair is then less likely to get out of order. Then for tennis the waves must be broad and flat.

## An Interesting Lecture.

It was Countess de Louradio who introduced Madame Seaton Burridge when she recently gave a lecture at Rickert and Tietze, Westbourne Grove, on the excellent results of the Viteclene Vacuum Treatment. In a very short time the complexion was clean, superfluous hair was removed, and the eyebrows shaped. It was accomplished in a few moments by the same plastic material. A number of photographs were exhibited showing how the vacuum treatment could not only rejuvenate an ordinary complexion, but remove blackheads, cure acne, clean a muddy complexion, soften lines, cure large pores, and make superfluous hair disappear as if by magic.

## A Treatise on Tea.

As women are connoisseurs of tea and it is believed they drink far more of it than men, attention must be drawn to a particularly interesting treatise, from a medical point of view, on various facts relating to it. It is written by Mr. G. H. Harden, who is one of the directors of Harden Bros. and Lindsay. It shows the extent to which indigestion due to tea drinking has increased in this country within the past fifty years, and in a simple manner explains the cause of this increase and the methods by which it may be effectively counteracted. It states that it has been established that a good quality black China tea, if not used in excessive quantities, is an entirely innocent beverage which does not inhibit digestion.



SIMPLE TAILOR-MADES

That have gone into residence at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. The cardigan suit on the left is of boucle tweed, and the coat and skirt on the right of West of England check





V.726.—Pull-on Hat in stitched Beeswing Felt, suitable for country wear. In small and medium fittings and in several colourings.

Price **23/9**

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New Felts for the Moors at*

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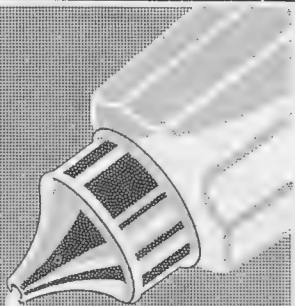
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For Lactogen is very easily digested and gives Baby exactly the nourishment he needs to make him happy and healthy—with firm flesh, dense bone, steady nerves and a robust constitution.

Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream milk, with extra cream and natural milk sugar added, made, in all important respects, exactly like breast milk.

One Lactogen process modifies the casein of the raw milk so that it forms a fine flaky curd in Baby's stomach, just as does breast milk. Another process breaks up the fat into very tiny globules, even finer than in breast milk. Lactogen drying process preserves unchanged the valuable mineral and vitamin content of the fresh milk.

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Some Weddings this Month.

The marriage of Mr. M. A. B. Harrison, Sudan Political Service, and Miss Phyllis Athorpe of Dinnington Hall, Yorks, will take place at Dinnington on August 22 at 12.45; Lieut.-Commander Barrington L. Moore, R.N., and Miss Mary Edith (Jane) Conway are being married quietly at All Souls' Langham Place, W.1, at 2 p.m. on August 8; and Mr. J. P. Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham of The White House, Kingsland, Shrewsbury, is marrying Miss Nancy Wilson, daughter of the late Mr. Newport G. Wilson of Fordham, and Mrs. Wilson of Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge, on August 27 at Cherryhinton Parish Church, Cambridge.



MISS KATHLEEN COUSINS

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Cousins of Bix Manor, Henley-on-Thames, who is to marry Mr. Christian August Broberg of Copenhagen, the eldest son of Captain C. A. Broberg and Mrs. Broberg of Iceland

## Recently Engaged.

Among the recent engagements is that of Mr. J. P. Argenti of 912 Fifth Avenue, New York, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Argenti, and France, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Count Gaston de Masin and Countess de Masin; Mr. Walter Cyril Plumb, Indian Police, eldest son of Mr. W. Plumb of Grantham, Lincs., and Peggy, twin daughter of Mr. F. A. Leslie-Jones, C.B.E., late Principal, Mayo College, Ajmer, India, and Mrs. Leslie-



MLLE. HELENE WORTH

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Worth, whose engagement to Mr. Jean S. Istovesco, son of Dr. Istovesco, has just been announced

Jones of Great Malvern, Worcs.; Mr. Ronald Forrester Easterbrook, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Alex. M. Easterbrook, Arnprior, Gorebridge, Midlothian, and Curstan Jessie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCowan of Dunheanish, Oban, Argyllshire; Mr. Digby Neave, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Neave of Highfield House, Fordingbridge, and Elizabeth Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brightman of Cotham Park, Clifton, Bristol; Captain Walter Hugh Beak, Royal Tank Corps, youngest son of Mr. John Beak of Hertford, and Ruth Delacour, younger daughter of the Rev. C. E. D. and Mrs. de Labilliere of Came Rectory, Dorchester, Dorset; Mr. George Moore Hamilton of Elburgon, Kenya, eldest son of Mr. William Long Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton of

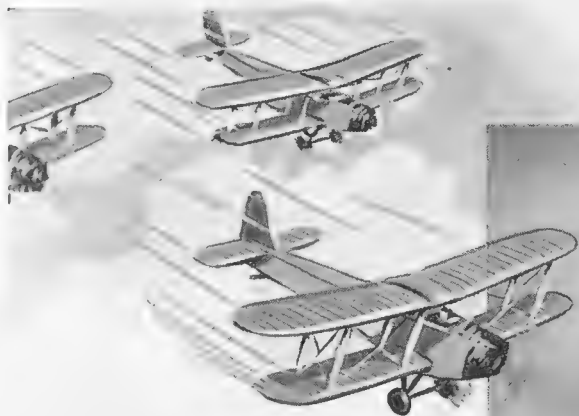
Burnfoot, Derry, Ireland, and Ruth Eleanor, third daughter of Engineer - Commander H. C. Anstey, R.N. (retired), and the late Mrs. Anstey of Thornbury Hall, Cheadle, Staffs; Captain Oscar Kinsman Steveni, the Corps of Bombay Pioneers, the elder son of the late Mr. H. H. Steveni of Hull and St. Petersburg, and Mrs. Spearman of Jersey, and Patricia Violet Hildegard, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Lindesay, O.B.E., Indian Army, and Mrs. Lindesay of Kasauli, India.



MISS BARBARA YORK

The daughter of the late Mr. J. A. York and Mrs. York of L'Abri, Sandbanks, Dorset, who is to marry Mr. W. Alan S. Lewis, the only son of the late Mr. J. P. Lewis, C.M.G., Ceylon Civil Service, and Mrs. P. Lewis of Shantalla, Canford Cliffs

"Lips Grow Dry and Eyes Grow Wet"  
When Flying Through the Air



The atmospheric conditions that prevailed throughout England on the day that the King's Cup Air Race was won demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt that inclement weather will not deter men and women from flying. The eyes as well as the lips suffer; in order to strengthen the former and prevent their "tearing" they should be washed every night and morning with tepid water; this must be done with the aid of an eye bath, and the lids lightly massaged with Luxuria, the cream being worked in with the third finger of the left hand. Luxuria is Harriet Hubbard Ayer's beauty cream, which is from 2s. 3d. a tube. Furthermore, when in the air the lips have a tendency to become hyper-sensitive and dry; at night they must be treated with Luxuria and during the day the Pomegranate Lip Stick should be used. It gives them a natural look and accentuates the user's own colouring. It contains ingredients that keep the lips soft and prevent their becoming cracked; it also conquers those troublesome lines that have such an ageing effect. There are colours to suit all complexions.



Picture by Blake

# Miss Fay Compton

the talented and beautiful young actress, now appearing in "Autumn Crocus" at the Lyric Theatre, writes:—

"AN actress's life is not only walking on to the stage in the most attractive frocks and attractive surroundings. What the public does not think of is weeks of strenuous and nerve-racking rehearsals, often followed up by a part in the preliminary touring company, necessitating journeys from town to town throughout the entire country. In fact, one has always to be in perfect health, which I luckily am, thanks in no small way to Phosferine, the Greatest of all Tonics."

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## PHOSFERINE

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Tablets and Liquid.



Photo by Mabel Robey.

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"I am absolutely

delighted with the result, which is, to my mind, perfectly wonderful. After having tried other things which were of no use whatever to me and only made me completely fed up I think this treatment of yours a perfect revelation, and I am ever so pleased with it." This is an extract from a letter which, with many others, may be seen at my office.

**Gypsia**  
EAL  
PHLOPHAL

completely effaces Superfluous Hair. It is a carefully prepared formula which is easy to use, non-injurious and permanently effective.

The home treatment costs only 2s/6 (abroad 2/6 extra for postage) and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance. Order at once, stating exact particulars and whether required for face or body. MADAME SEUR (Dept. 1), 35, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

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is the highest perfection for making the face, eyes, neck, chin, nose, ears, lips, painlessly and permanently beautiful. The Method is the outcome of twenty years' scientific research work based on 10,000 successful cases, and is exclusively practised by the inventor, a highly-skilled and experienced Continental Specialist.

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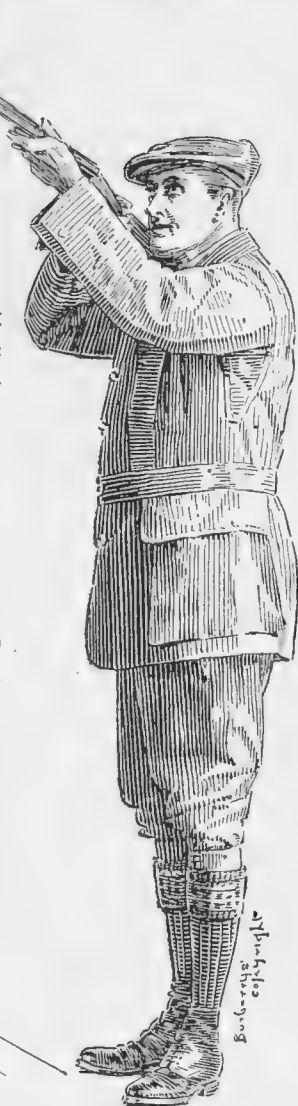
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## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

A spare part for a car that had broken down in the heart of the African desert has been rushed by aeroplane from London. Three British motorists, Captain Filby, Mr. Parker, and Dr. Demuralt, are driving from Cairo to Cape Town under the auspices of the Overseas League, representing a number of British firms, with the object of opening up new trade in Africa. Their car is a twenty years old Rolls-Royce carrying about two tons, and the first trouble was encountered sixty miles from Juba in the Sudan. Owing to the heavy rain the Government had graded up both sides of the road to form an acute ridge to allow the water to drain off, so the car had to be driven at a considerable angle. After 280 miles the excessive strain resulted in the snapping of a rear axle cardan shaft. The car was towed by thirty natives to the village of Bor, where a telegram was sent to the Rolls-Royce works at Derby asking for a spare part to be sent immediately. The part was sent off at once to London, put on the African air mail, and delivered exactly seven days after the despatch of the telegram in the village of Bor. Two hours later the car was able to resume its journey towards the south. "It revolutionizes and shatters all preconceived ideas of time and distance to be able to procure a vital spare part thousands of miles away from England in seven days—and this for a pre-war car!" Captain Filby said in a message received in London.

In the Shelsley Walsh open hill climb the Shelsley International Championship Cup for the fastest time of the day was won by R. J. G. Nash in a Frazer Nash equipped with Dunlop tyres which were



MISS GLADYS COOPER

With her new 3-litre Hotchkiss, which she drives herself

also used by the winners of five other cups and by eight of the twelve class winners. Also the first four places in the Belgian Grand Prix were won on Dunlop tyres.

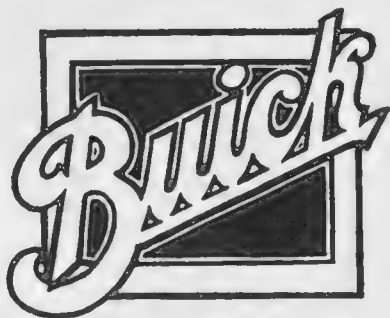
## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 250

"biggest, longest, and heaviest engine" for which my medical correspondent hankers, in case he may meet "a silly ass . . . in the opposite direction," may be a ram of sorts, but I am hanged if I can see it being a good buffer. One point, however, I must grant, and that is that at first, when you drive a rear-engined car, you feel that you have not quite all the material you would like in front of you. But that is a prejudice which is easily removed, for the forward structure whilst light is not necessarily flimsy. I admit that I never felt thoroughly comfortable in a "pusher" aeroplane, for I was always haunted by the horrible notion that quite a mild bit of crashery would put the engine slap through my backbone, but in a car the case is distinctly different. Lots of things such as wheels, and springs, and dumb-irons have got to "go" before the passengers get badly hurt.

### Excellent Bus.

I have just been trying the latest 6-cylinder Singer—the first of the 1932's to make its appearance—and known as the Kaye Don model. It is, as can well be deduced from its cognomen, a very vivacious and sporting machine, with an admirable turn of speed and quite irreproachable road manners. But the most striking feature is undoubtedly the line of the body-work, which is both graceful and original, having elegant curves that suggest a vehicle of pace. Within, there is ample room and a high standard of comfort. Without, the detail finish is a pleasure to the eye, more particularly since in the *tout ensemble* a uniform motif of decoration has been adopted. A thoroughly good-looking motor-car, and a thoroughly good performer to wit. It should have an assured future.

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Owing to the abandonment of Worcester Show the next Championship Show is at Brighton on September 3. Our members will now mostly be going on their holidays, though there is a multitude of small local shows, which are often most amusing and "keep the ball rolling," and also are an excellent starting place for young dogs.

It is indeed good news that the Royal Veterinary College is to carry on for at least one more year. This gives time for a renewed effort which may yet save it. It would be a lasting disgrace to a country which prides itself on being fond of animals if the College was unable to carry on. Though the situation is temporarily relieved it is not yet out of the wood.

I want once again to remind members to send photographs of their dogs, and particulars of any house-trained dogs they have.

Again this week my pictures are all of terriers and of British terriers. Breeds may come and breeds may go but the fox terrier, smooth or wire, stands forth unmoved by altering circumstances as the prince of pals



SAMMY OF DOWNALONG  
The property of Miss Smallwood

for the ordinary man. He has also another side to him; the breeding of the fox terrier has been carried out with more care and science by clever brains than that of any other dog, and many books and pamphlets have been written on this subject. He is seen all over the globe, always adapting himself to any circumstances and climate. Lady Gooch owns a good kennel of smooth fox terriers, and as is the case in all kennels, she has some puppies to dispose of as pals; they are three months old, strong and lively, and well-bred of course.

The next terrier on the list is a cairn; this breed has also reached a place in the affections of



FOX TERRIER PUPS  
The property of Lady Gooch

cognized. She writes there is now a demand for them from abroad, and sends a picture of a young bitch, Ever Green, who has gone with a companion to Sweden. This bitch took second at Crufts. She has also sent a good young bitch to Antwerp. Mrs. Spence lives in one of the most beautiful parts of England, the English Lakes, at Howtown near Ullswater, and is always pleased to show her kennels to anyone visiting that part. She usually has puppies and adults for disposal.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

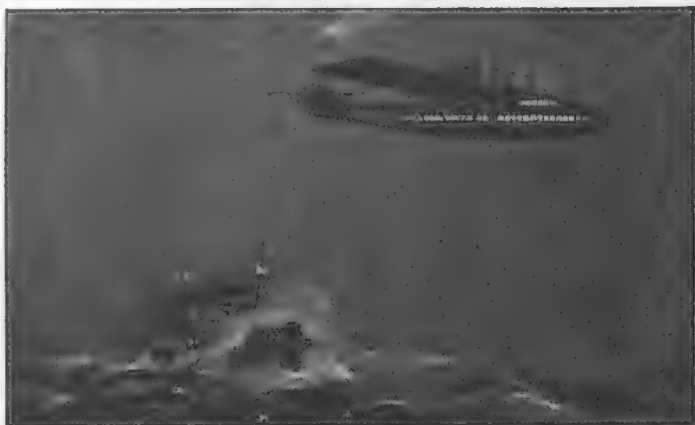
the community from which it is impossible to dislodge it. Cairns are literally found from the palace to "the lone shieling on the misty island" (though not as much there as formerly) and are equally prized in both places. They have the Celtic temperament and a whole-souled devotion to one person which makes them very attractive. Pleasant though a walk is, it is useless inviting a cairn to go if "Master" is unable to go too. The photograph is of Sammy of Downalong, property of Miss Smallwood. Sammy is a very good-looking son of Champion Sammy of Keycol and has done well at shows—but he has unluckily not been able to be shown much, as Miss Smallwood broke her leg some time ago and has been able to attend very few shows since. She usually has some puppies for sale.

The lakeland terrier has obviously "come to stay," and as he is a very smart workmanlike-looking terrier and extremely game he is sure to make his way. His success is entirely due to the efforts of Mrs. Spence—who has spared neither time, trouble, nor money to get these little dogs re-



LAKELAND TERRIER  
The property of Mrs. Spence

## THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy seas, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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2. Photographs must not have been previously published in any way.
3. The Editor of the DAILY SKETCH will act as judge, and his decision must be regarded as final. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
4. The last day for receiving entries is Aug. 29, 1931, and the result will be announced in the DAILY SKETCH on Sept. 19, 1931.
5. All photographs submitted must be free from copyright fees. None can be returned under any circumstances.

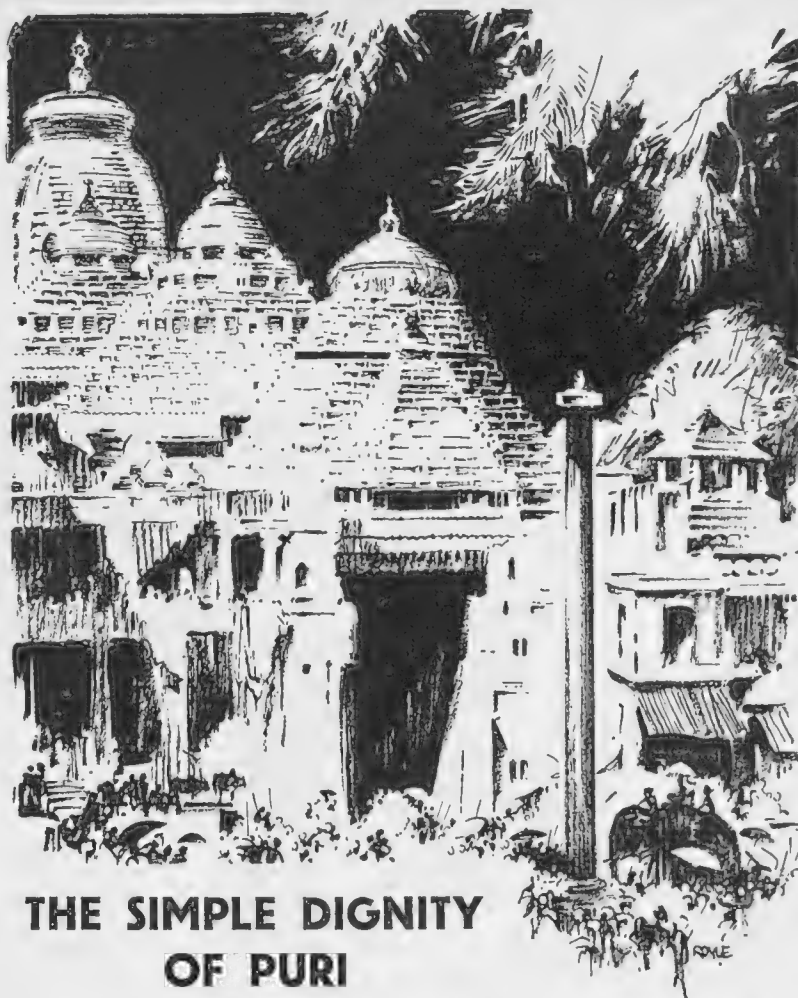
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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £5 to send a mother with her two small boys to Westgate for a fortnight. She has been through a very bad time. Within the last three-and-a-half years she has lost her husband, both her parents, her sister, and two children. She is very worn out with sorrow and worry. Her remaining children are both boys, aged respectively three years and eighteen months. At one time they were quite well off and had a farm of their own in the country, but farming became more and more difficult, then the husband's health failed and all the savings were gradually spent, and finally the farm had to be sold for a mere song, and they moved to London where the husband died. He suffered terribly and his widow is apt to get somewhat morbid, so the doctor strongly advises sea air in a cheerful place. She has the widows' pension of 18s. a week, but pays 5s. a week rent. When she is strong again she will be able to earn a little, but she very badly needs a change in good air to set her up first.

At the Tivoli this week *Daddy Long Legs*, the Fox film, is being presented. The story is too well-known to require repetition. Warner Baxter plays the name part with Janet Gaynor as Judy Abbott, his ward. The programme at the Tivoli will also include *Two Crowded Hours*, a Fox British picture directed by Michael Powell, with dialogue and continuity by Jefferson Farjeon. An ingenious story of a cockney taximan's difficulties is helping to round up a homicidal

maniac. *Dirigible*, after its successful seven weeks' run at the Tivoli, is being given at the New Victoria this week.

*Le Million*, the withdrawal of which from the West End has been announced for the last two weeks, will definitely continue at the Rialto Theatre, W., until further notice. This announcement was made by Mr. James V. Bryson, Managing Director of Universal, who was responsible for introducing the successful Continental season in London; he stated that he had tried to take this picture off because they had the brilliant *Le Chemin du Paradis* waiting for presentation, and also because it was thought that after four months the

picture would have reached its peak of popularity. Business, however, has been such that it is impossible to withdraw the picture. This French comedy-farce of the sweepstakes has maintained capacity business, and in view of such will be retained indefinitely. *Le Million* is now in its fifth West-End month.

William Haine's latest film picture, *The Dancing Partner*, is now being shown at the Empire. He is supported by Irene Purcell, the well-known American stage star, who is making her first screen appearance in this picture, having played the same part on the New York stage; the English pair, C. Aubrey Smith and Lilian Bond; Charlotte Granville, also in the New York production; Albert Conti, Maria Alba, Ray Milland, Gerald Fielding, Yola Davril, and Lenore Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman. *Chickens Come Home*, with the inimitable Laurel and Hardy, is also in the programme.



THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE GENERAL  
SIR H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN

A group at the unveiling of the memorial to the late General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien at Crich, Derbyshire. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was Hon. Colonel of the Sherwood Foresters from 1905. The 1st battalion, the old 45th, was raised in 1741, the second, the 95th, being raised in 1823. The Duke of Devonshire is the Hon. Colonel of a territorial battalion of the regiment. In this group in front are: Lieut.-General Sir W. R. Marshall, Lady Marshall, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, Colonel H. C. Wylly, Lieut.-General Hon. Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, Lieut.-General B. F. Burnett-Hitchcock, and Major-General O. C. Borrett

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*Some of the contents of the August issue*



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- "TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY," by Gordon Beckles
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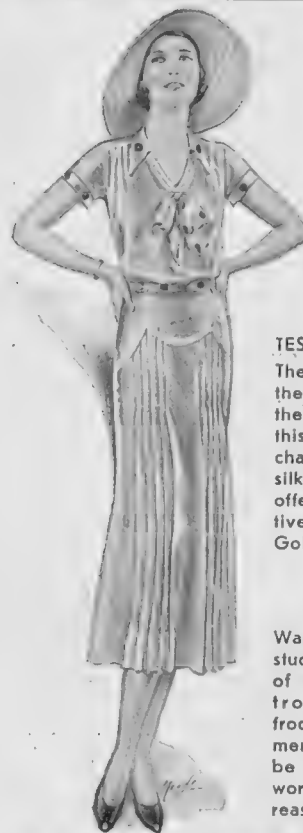
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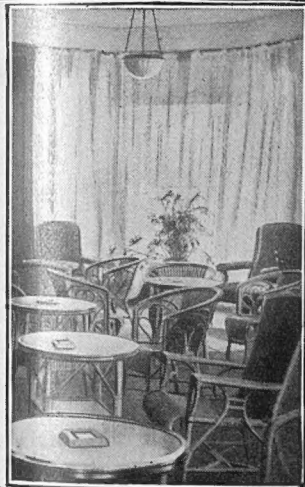
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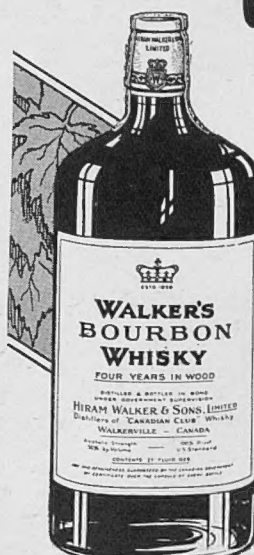
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**Sir Edward:** "I fail to see any difference."

**Colonel:** "Nonsense; the 'Tote' is a machine and pays out all it takes, less a percentage."

**Sir Edward:** "The machine takes no risk, and always stands to win. On the other hand, Duggie takes a lot of risk and stands to lose, so you and I, as backers, are better off."

**Colonel:** "I can't believe that. There's a catch somewhere, and I'll risk a bottle of Clicquot that I'm right."

**Sir Edward:** "Done. I maintain the only difference is that Duggie's terms are better."

**Colonel:** "Let's take place betting. On the 'Tote' I can back horses for places only; you can't do that with a bookie."

**Sir Edward:** "Not with an ordinary one, I'll admit, but Duggie comes under a different category. Here's his rule—it reads, 'Horses may be backed at full "Tote" odds with no limit to win, to win and place, or for places only.'"

**Colonel:** "Places only and No Limit, eh! That's certainly one to you! Now, supposing I want a flutter on the 'Tote' daily double?"

**Sir Edward:** "The same again; not only does he accept 'Tote' daily doubles but you can have any double or accumulator on any race in the programme at full 'Tote' prices."

**Colonel:** "Astonishing. But I think I have got you beaten on the next."

**Sir Edward:** "Go ahead."

**Colonel:** "Well, I can view the runners in the paddock and slip a decent bet on the 'Tote' at the last minute. — Duggie can't give you that facility."

**Sir Edward:** "Wrong again, old chap. You can just as easily slip a wire to Duggie from the race-course telegraph office. He accepts them handed in right up to the 'off'—remember, all on credit. No queuing-up to get 'Tote' tickets or to cash them."

**Colonel:** "I'm satisfied, let's have the bottle."

**Sir Edward:** "And I think the toast should be 'Duggie,' the man who made 'Tote' betting on credit as easy as A.B.C., which makes me still more enthusiastic."

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